



# LIFE

FICTION FOR HOLIDAY WEEKEND

## HOW FAST-BUCK MEN OPERATE

HIGHLIGHTS OF NEW BOOK

BY CAMERON  
HAWLEY

DAZZLE AND DIN  
OF THE FOURTH

20 CENTS

JULY 4, 1955





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For goodness sake — get **Post Tens!**



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JULY 4, 1955



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## STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE!

**Germ**s are the major cause of bad breath—  
and no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine  
... instantly, by millions

The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath results. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

**Listerine Antiseptic kills germs  
by millions!**

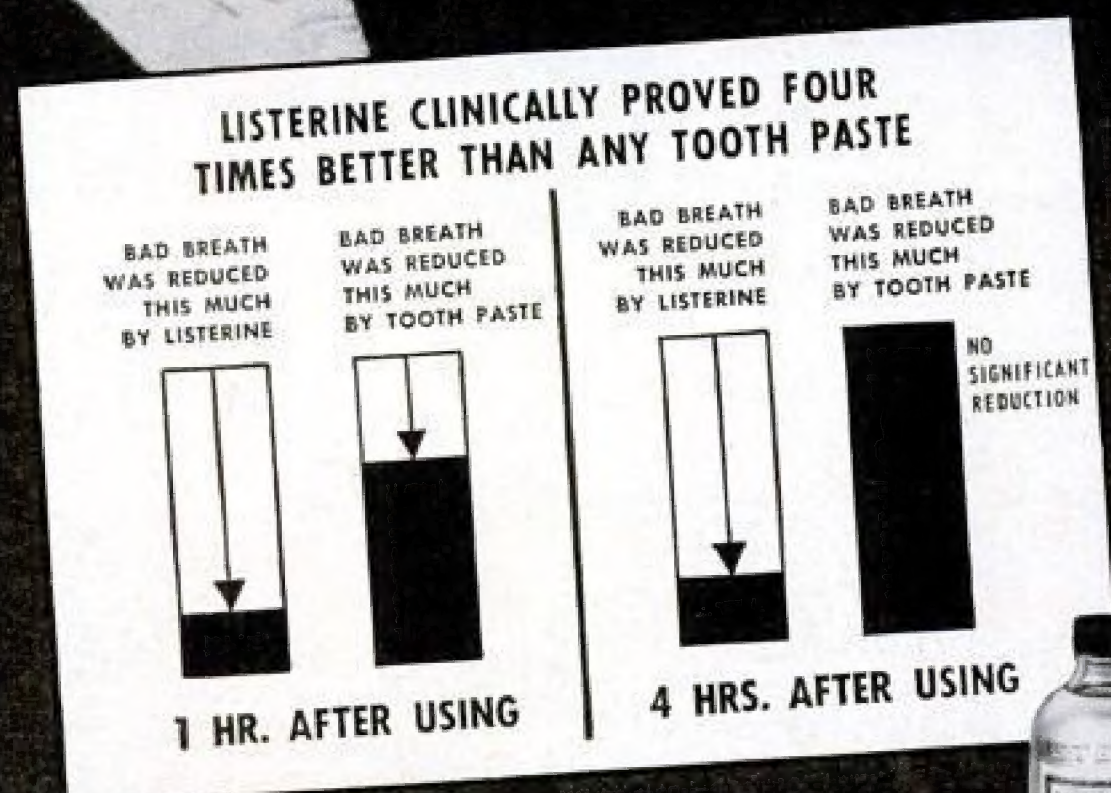
Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact ... instantly halts the fermentation which they cause. Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine, tests showed that germs on tooth, mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as 80%. That explains why in clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

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acts on many surfaces**

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**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...**

THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD



This One



GOUH-JK6-YEWG

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## The U.S. purrs with joy 8

As summer rolls in over America, its citizens, with no wars, no major strikes, almost no unemployment, are mightily pleased with themselves and are showing it.



PLEASED CITIZEN—1955

## U.N.'s birthday party 21

A 10-year-old celebrates with pomp and lengthy oratory, and behind the scenes the Big Four make arrangements for a meeting at the top.



U.N. EMBLEM

## July Fourth fireworks 46

Six pages in color show the din and dazzle—and delight—of a great institution that has lost much of its sanction but none of its old magic.



"FOURTH" CELEBRATOR

## They united the U.S. 58

A color portfolio of the Founding Fathers—philosophers and statesmen who worked for 16 weeks to forge a document that has worked for 166 years.



PRESIDING OFFICER

## Fast-buck men at work 73

LIFE presents highlights from Cameron Hawley's "Cash McCall," a new novel about methods and motives of a new kind of businessman.



CASH McCALL

### COVER

Four-year-old Mea Jolley of Los Angeles holds an erupting handle fountain (see "Lingering Glory of the Old Fourth," pp. 46-53)

### THE WEEK'S EVENTS

Nobody's mad with nobody in a contented, prosperous, frequently exuberant U.S. 8  
The cleanup after the blowup in Argentina 14  
The 10th birthday party of the U.N. 21  
Virgil McCroskey, 78, gives to Idaho the 4,400-acre piny ridge he has loved all his life 31

### EDITORIAL

Two revolutions, the French and the American 16

### PICTORIAL ESSAYS

The lingering glory of the old Fourth: despite restrictions a colorful institution endures 46  
Men who united the United States: a portfolio of the statesmen who in 16 weeks created a constitution that has worked for 166 years 58

### FICTION FOR HOLIDAY READING

"Cash McCall": a preview of highlights from a new novel of today's business, by Cameron Hawley 73

### SCIENCE

A full-sized atomic reactor for U.N. atomic energy conference in Geneva is test-run at Oak Ridge 29

### NATURE

Aerial illusion: Devil's Lake, Ore. is so still a canoe appears to float above its waters 39

### MOVIES

Starlet Carol Ohmart is hustled out to Malibu to make like a svelte sphinx 41  
War hero Audie Murphy acts himself in his latest movie, "To Hell and Back" 67

### ANIMALS

Egypt calls in snake charmers to rid finance ministry files of 12 bibliophilic reptiles 55

### OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Speaking of Pictures: tennis wags at Wimbledon 4  
Letters to the Editors 6  
Miscellany: hotshot golfers 100

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32, 34—ROSS MADDEN FROM B.S.  
39—JIM AND PAUL HOSMER  
41, 42, 43, 44—DON ORNITZ FROM GLOBE PHOTOS  
46, 47—JOHN DOMINIS, N. R. FARBMAN—N. R. FARBMAN, RALPH MORSE  
48, 49—ALLAN GRANT (3), GREY VILLET  
50—CARL IWASAKI  
51—JOHN DOMINIS  
53—MAP BY TONY SODARO  
55, 56—JOSEPH MASRAFF, AL AHRAH  
58, 59—FERNAND BOURGES—ROBERT S. CRANDALL; RT. HERBERT ORTH  
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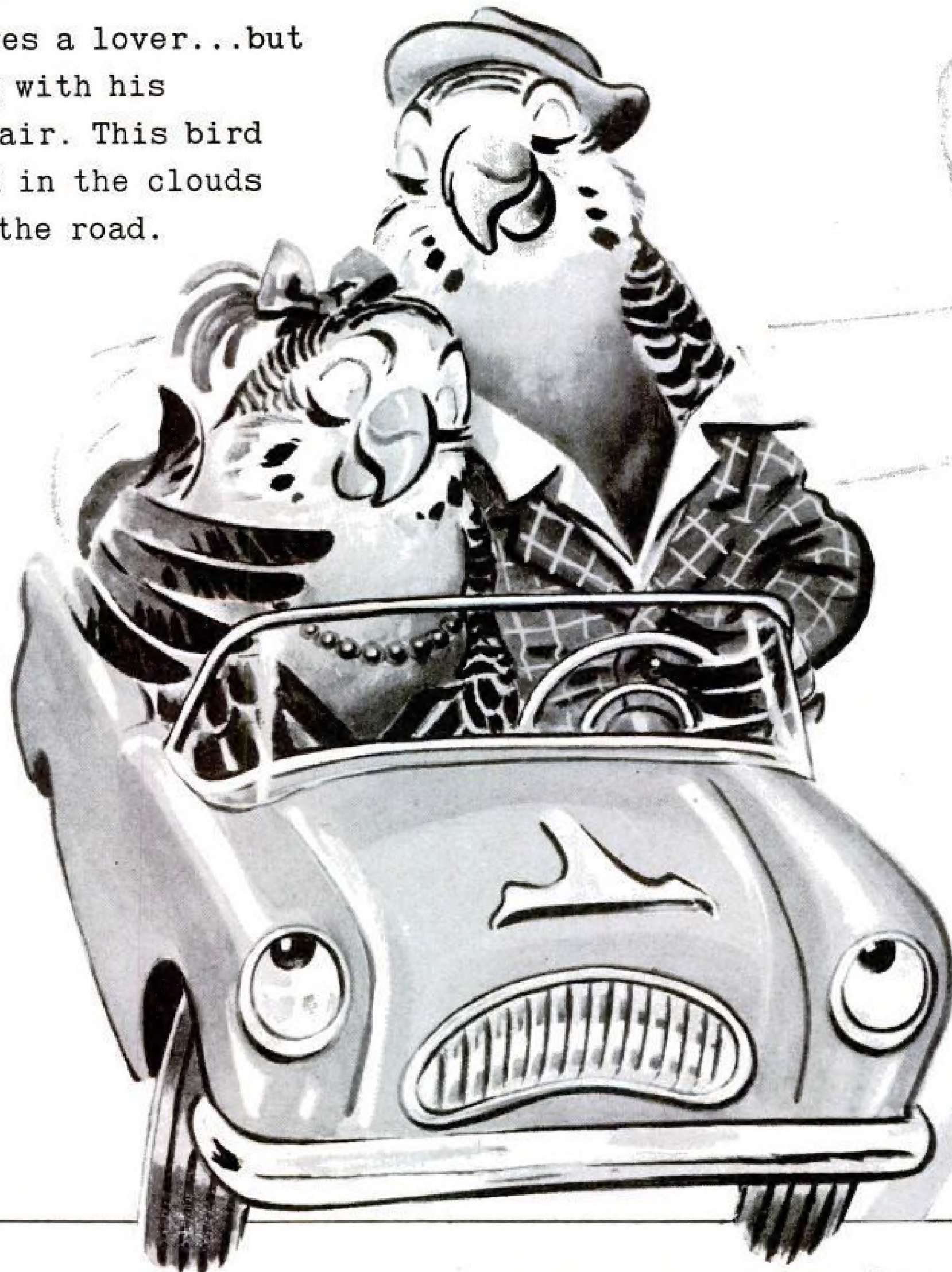
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THE

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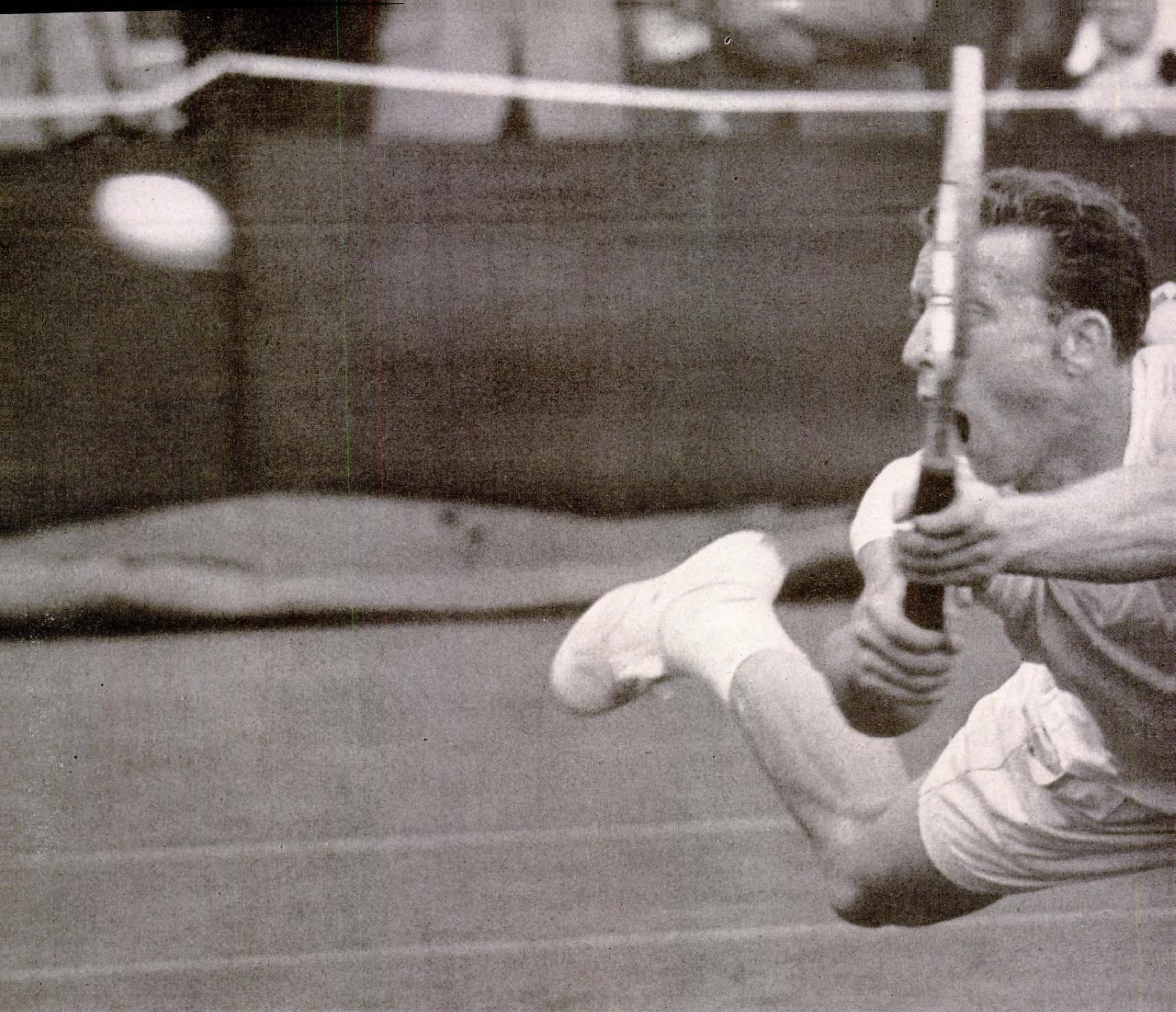


It's smart to use  
*premium* gasoline

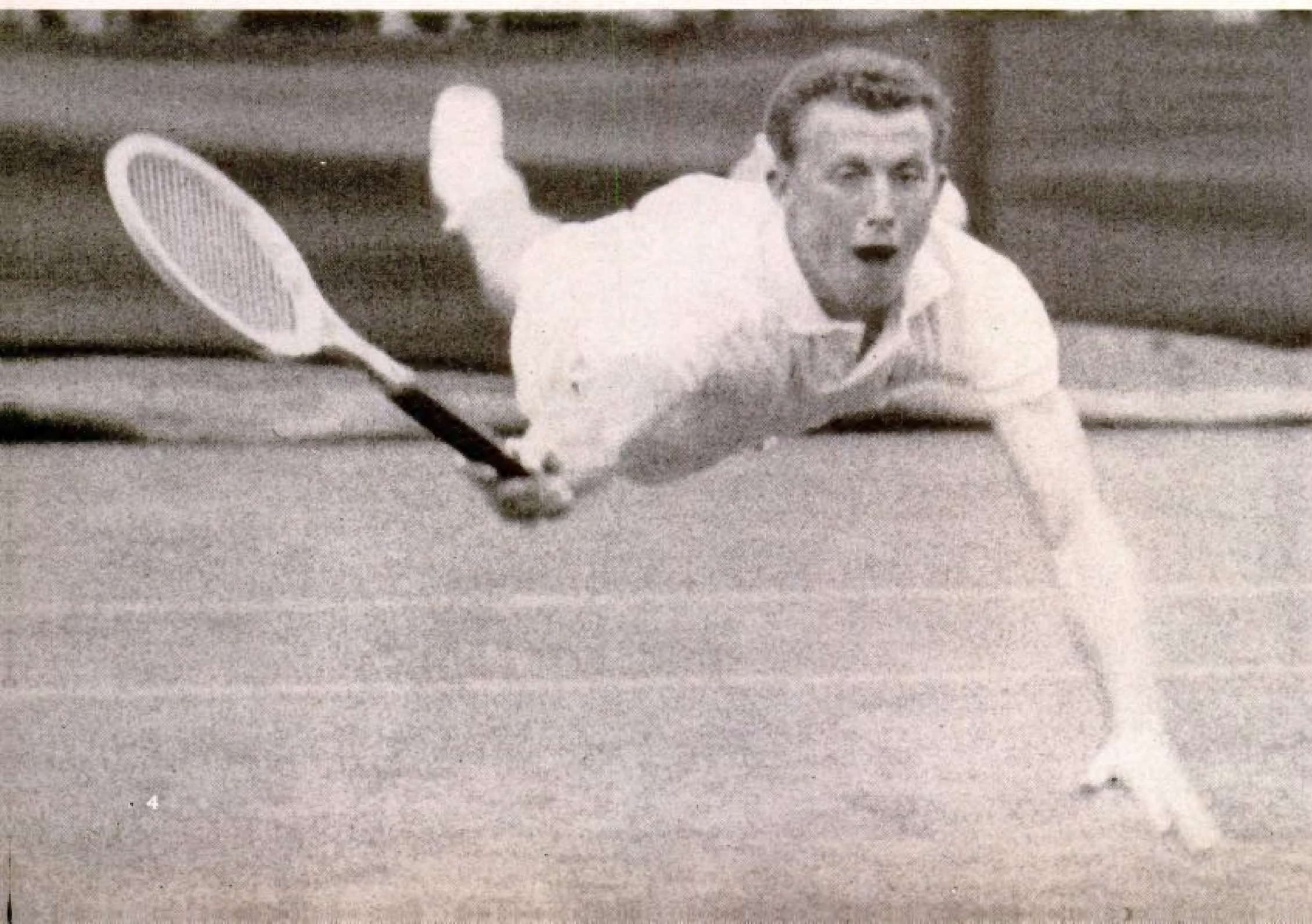


**ETHYL**  
CORPORATION





IN A FIRST ROUND MATCH HUBER (ABOVE) MAKES A FLYING BACKHAND RETRIEVE, LATER LANDS IN OPEN-MOUTHED SELF-SATISFACTION (LEFT, BELOW).





# WIMBLEDON WAG

**Austrian acrobat enlivens tourney, Italian frills add spice**

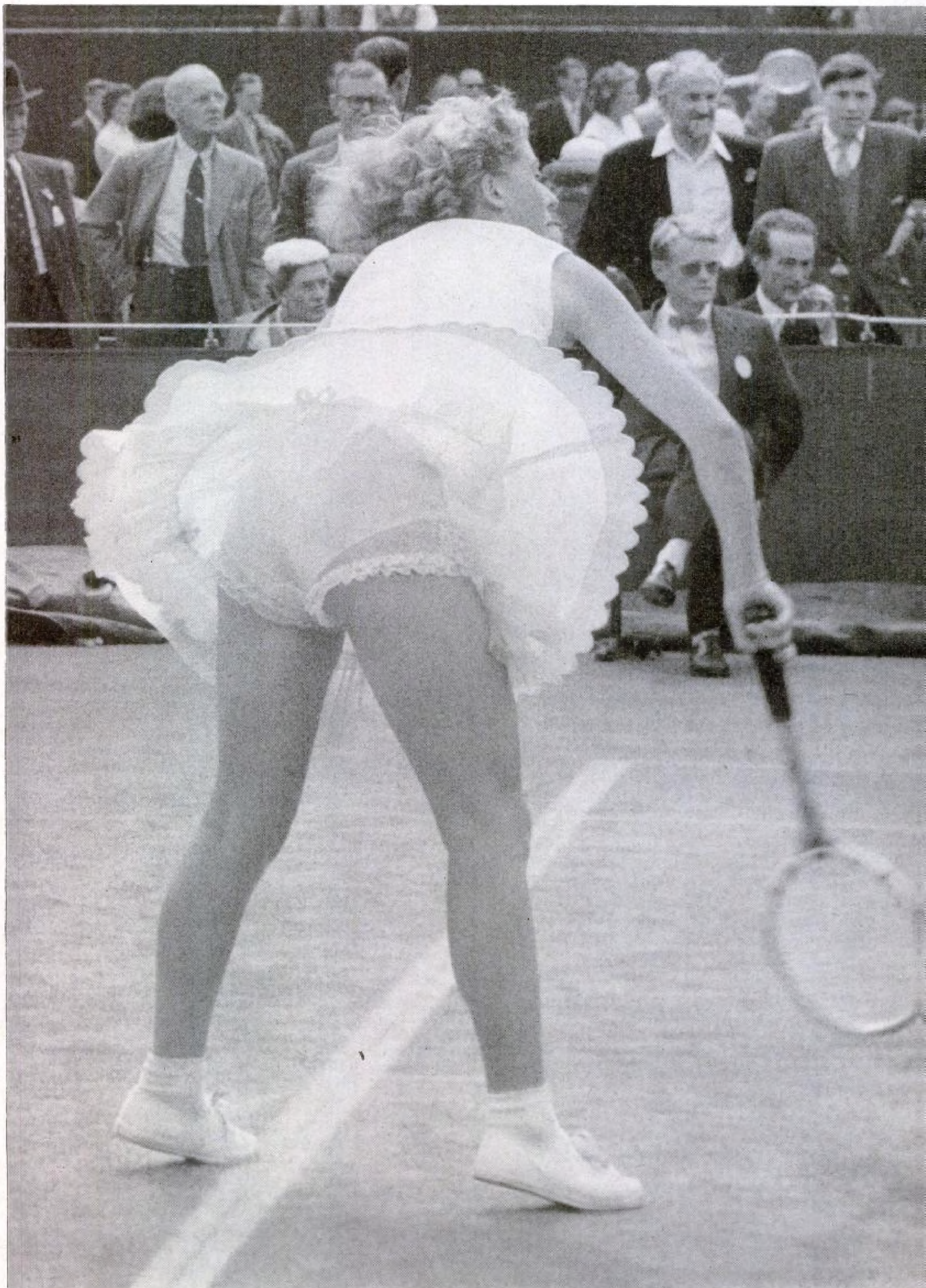
At Wimbledon, where British tradition has made tennis anything but a laughing matter, a couple of non-British players showed up this year and declined to take the game seriously. An Austrian named Alfred Huber, who is called the Danny Kaye of tennis, used his rubber face and belly-whopping retrieves to turn his matches into acrobatic comedy. In women's

singles Lea Pericoli of Italy showed up wearing lace-trimmed panties and pink rayon petticoat.

Fortunately for the decorum at Wimbledon the Huber-Pericoli show hardly got off the ground. Miss Pericoli was beaten in her first match and Huber, though his theatrical retrieving got him through two rounds, went down before Beverly Hills' Herb Flam in the third.



IN DOUBLES PLAY (BELOW) HE DOES BACKFLOP



WITH ALMOST EVERY SERVE, LEA PERICOLI WHIPPED HER RACKET DOWN AND FLIPPED HER SKIRT UP



# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## FATHER SEES CHILD BORN

Sirs:

Since this is still the good ole U.S.A., I guess I can say I'm "agin" it—having father in the delivery room when my babies are born ("A Father Sees His Child Born," LIFE, June 13). The poor man has been through nine months of living with prenatal nerves, sometimes irrational requests and general misery. He needs whatever solace he can get from a smoke and an easy chair in the waiting room. There are times in life when you must carry the ball alone, and this is one of them.

ELIZABETH S. VARNER

Glastonbury, Conn.

Sirs:

My husband has been with me during the birth of all four of our children: Nancy, 3 months; Tommy, 4; Eric, 3; Michael, 1½. At first he was opposed to the idea of staying with me, feared it would be upsetting. He went along just to hold my hand but found childbirth too impressive to ignore.

MRS. TOM LARSEN

Seattle, Wash.



LARSEN AND HIS CHILDREN

## JUDAISM

Sirs:

I congratulate you warmly on your article "Judaism" (LIFE, June 13). Millions of non-Jews will gain a good understanding of their fellow Americans, the American Jews. It will help immensely in the relationship between Jew and Gentile.

J. B. GLENN, M.D.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

Thank you for your masterful piece of work. The narrative on Judaism was very comprehensive, and I may say you have treated the subject matter with understanding and genuine respect.

SAMUEL BELKIN  
President

Yeshiva University  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It gave me great pleasure to read LIFE's article on Judaism. I felt at home with all the rituals and ceremonies you described and it gave me a warm feeling to be part of such a great history.

BEATRICE WIEDER

Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

The article, all in all, is admirable and you deserve at least this rabbi's appreciation. But for the life of me I cannot see why you chose such a small minority

of bearded, skull-capped Orthodox Jews as representative of American Jewry in 1955. The vast majority of American Jews certainly don't look like those people in your pictures.

DR. ANDREW J. ROBINS

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Inadequate space was devoted to Reform Judaism. Such distinguished Americans as Senator Herbert Lehman, Bernard Baruch and AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss are typical examples of American Reform Jews.

EDGAR N. GREENEBAUM

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Being a Reform Jew, I have found it most trying to put forth my exact sentiments toward Reform Judaism. But your article has helped me interpret our feeling a little more fully.

MARLINE LEWIN

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

You say "Few Jews anywhere failed to be moved by the historic adventure which is the state of Israel." While it is true that almost all Jews were "moved"—one way or the other—the implication that there was unanimity of opinion is false. The emotions of Zionists can be described as "enthusiastic," but those of non- and anti-Zionists surely ranged from "favorable" through "uncertain" and "dubious" all the way to "unfavorable."

THOMAS H. LOEB

Highland Park, Ill.

Sirs:

To condense the content and practice of a religion over 4,000 years old is a remarkable achievement. However you made some mistakes: *shoferim* should be *soferim* (scribes), *Shabout* (the Feast of Weeks) should be *Shabuot*.

DAVID NOEL FREEDMAN  
Editor

Journal of Biblical Literature  
Siasconset, Mass.

Sirs:

You say that Yom Kippur occurs one week following Rosh Hashanah. It falls on the 10th day following.

BERNICE WEINBERG

Brooklyn, N.Y.

● Life was referring to the seven-day interval between the second day of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. Commonly Yom Kippur is referred to as coming 10 days after the beginning of Rosh Hashanah.—ED.

Sirs:

The supreme motive behind the dietary laws is described in the words of Maimonides: "The Dietary Laws train us in the mastery over our appetites; they accustom us to restrain both the growth of desire and the disposition to consider pleasure of eating and drinking as the end of man's existence."

RABBI HAYIM DONIN

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Congratulations upon your eloquent interpretation of Judaism. "Yehi Rotzon Sh'tishrei Sh'chinoh Masei Yedachem" ("May it be the will of God that His divine blessing shall rest upon you and your work").

MAX M. LANDMAN,  
Rabbi

West Palm Beach, Fla.

## U.A.W.'S FIGHT FOR ANNUAL WAGE

Sirs:

Your article ("The U.A.W.'s Fight for an Annual Wage," LIFE, June 13) on the success of the U.A.W. getting the G.A.W. irritates me, a nonunion wage earner. It is a sad state of affairs when a man refuses to take the responsibility of putting away for the unforeseen and, in the case of certain occupations, the inevitable layoffs and slack seasons.

ELIZABETH PATTERSON

San Francisco, Calif.



CORNELL CREW (FOREGROUND) BEATING PENN (TOP), NAVY

## BIG OAR AT CORNELL

Sirs:

On behalf of the Cornell crews I want to thank you for naming us the top national crew a month and a half ago ("Pulling a Big Oar at Cornell," LIFE, May 2). At the intercollegiate regatta at Syracuse we vindicated your judgment by making a clean sweep, winning the freshman, J.V. and varsity races.

ROBERT L. BUNTING  
Captain

Cornell Crew  
Ithaca, N.Y.

## CREST OF MOTORBOAT BOOM

Sirs:

LIFE is to be complimented on the excellent and authentic treatment of recreational boating ("Nation Rides Crest of Motorboat Boom," LIFE, June 13). The accent on family participation is perhaps the best reason for the continued growth of this popular form of recreation.

JOSEPH E. CHOATE

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

You neglected to mention the United States Power Squadron which is the navigation school. The USPS has 185 squadrons in 32 states and even in inland cities. Their aim is to promote a high standard of safety at sea, encourage the study of navigation and cooperate with the Navy, Coast Guard and merchant marine. Free classes in piloting and small boat handling are given twice a year in every city where a squadron is located.

MRS. RALPH W. GILHAM JR.

Tacoma, Wash.

## CHIEF COUNSEL FOR EQUALITY

Sirs:

Congratulations for your timely and well-written article by Oliver Allen on Thurgood Marshall ("Chief Counsel for Equality," LIFE, June 13). Mr. Marshall has become the living symbol of freedom and justice for all peoples everywhere.

CHARLES C. WALKER  
Minister

First Congregational Church  
Little Rock, Ark.

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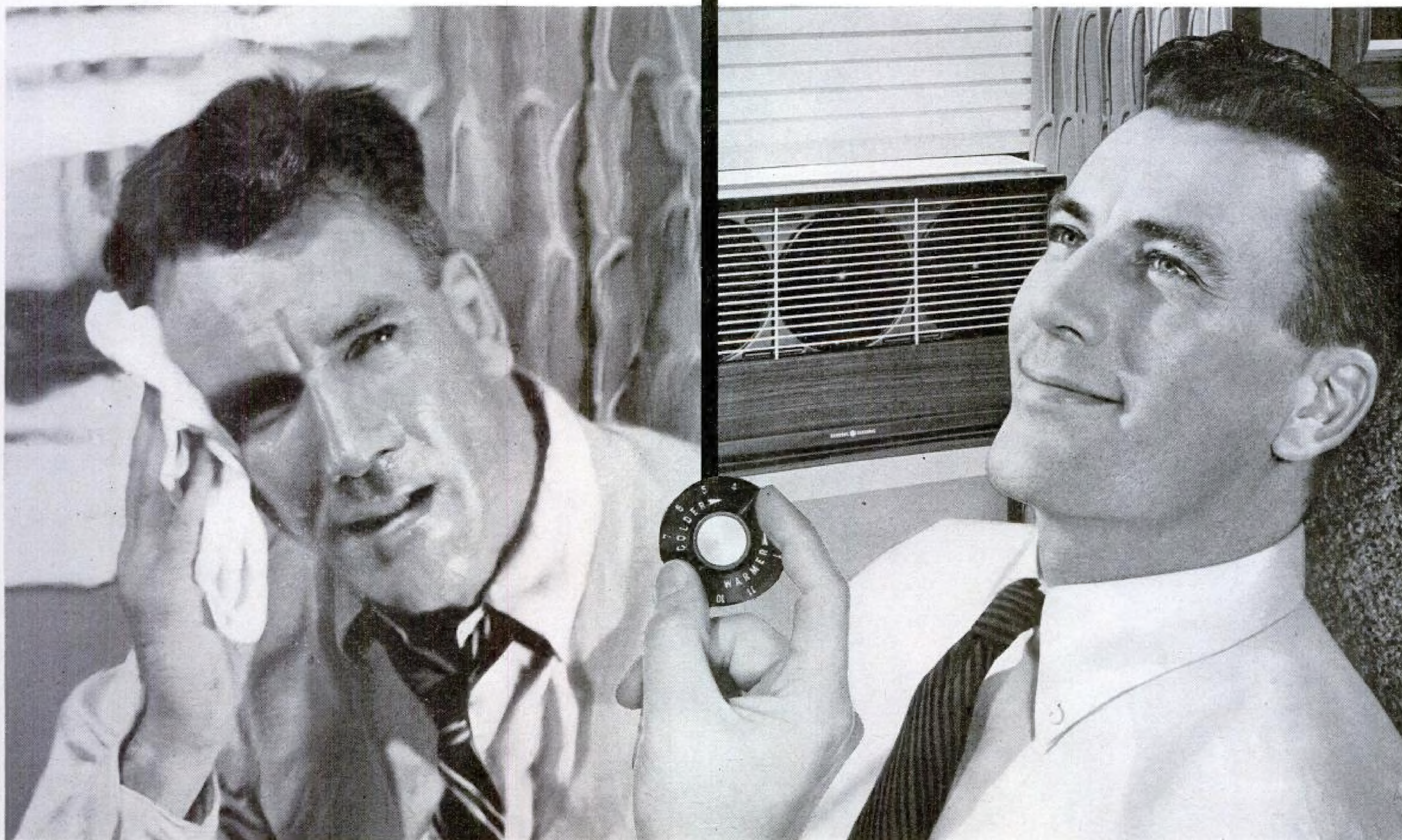
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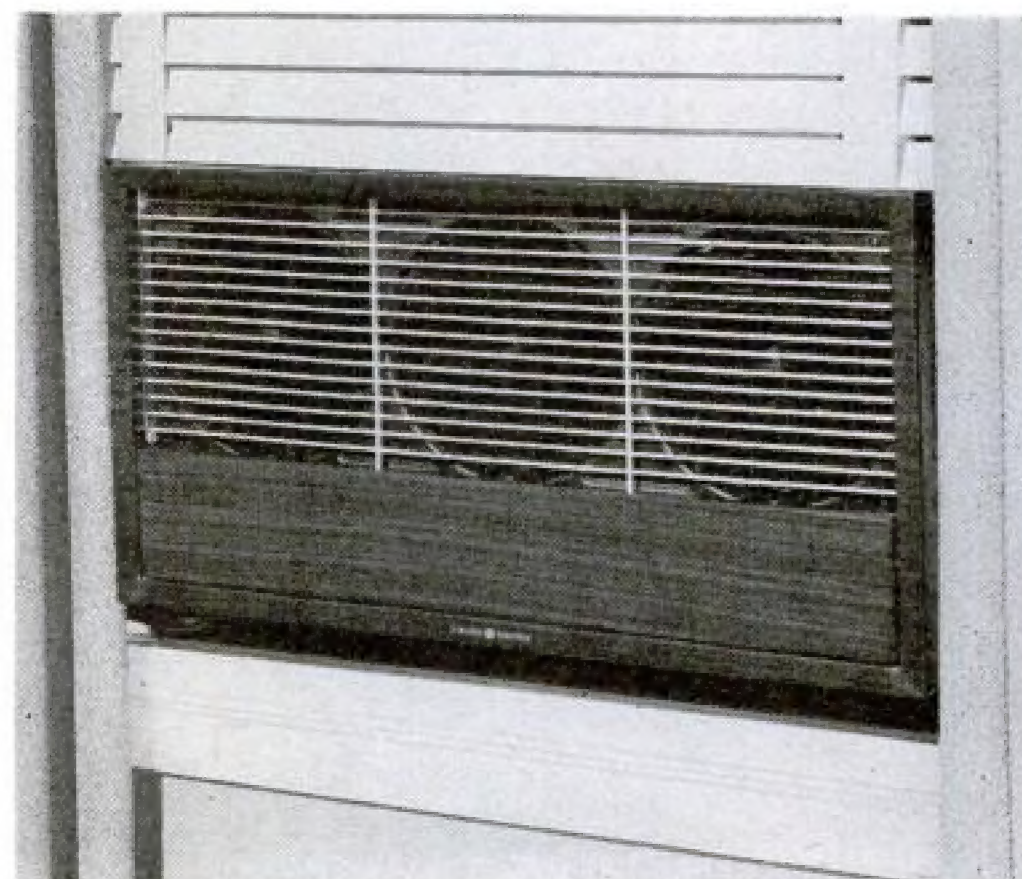
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# LIFE

Vol. 39, No. 1

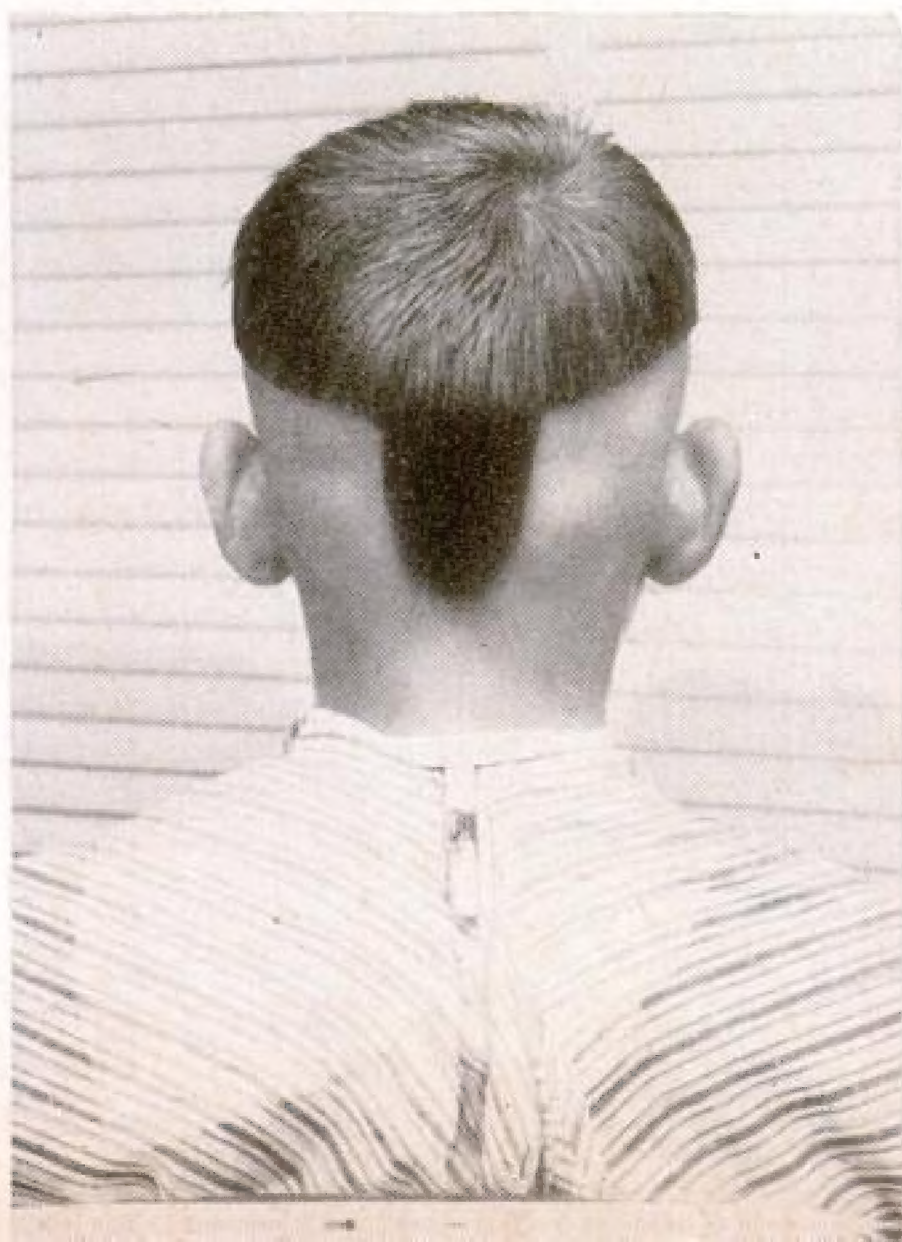
July 4, 1955

DELIGHTED VERMONTERS AT THE RUTLAND FAIRGROUND CHORTLE AS PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, ON A SIX-DAY TOUR OF NEW ENGLAND, SAYS HE WISHES HE HAD

**"DAVY CREWCUT"** atop Doug Wever of Miami is cooler for summer than a Crockett coonskin cap.

**ABUNDANT AGAIN** after years of dustbowl conditions, Colorado fields produce rich wheat as Lamar

Editor Fred Betz, area's booster, said they would. Heavy spring rains broke drought, filled reservoirs.







**SIGNS OF THE TIMES** decorate the garage at Chester Koepke home in Fond du Lac, Wis. They own only one car but are optimistically prepared for the best.

## A LOOK AT AMERICA'S WEEK

# NOBODY IS MAD WITH NOBODY

Summer, announced by graduation and the Fourth of July, rolled over a nation up to its ears in domestic tranquillity. Embroiled in no war, impeded by no major strikes, blessed by almost full employment, the U.S. was delighted with itself and almost nobody was mad with nobody. Industrialist Clarence Randall praised graduation as a time when citizens could "purr with contentment." This week millions of Americans were purring with contentment—when they were not roaring with exuberance.

The satisfaction showed in the grinning faces of Vermonters, hearing an easygoing speech by the President of the U.S. It was evident in the triumph of a Coloradoan standing amid chest-deep wheat where there had been only dust weeks before. The great nation, made possible by the bold planning of the Founding Fathers (*pp. 58-64*), had reached a peak the planners could scarcely have imagined. Everywhere there were crazy and spirited sidelights which spelled out prosperity as clearly as statistics did.

The stock market had pierced its 1929 levels and was still rising. After the best first half in auto history, General Motors announced that it would spend half a billion dollars to expand its plants for an even bigger future. Family income and wages were the highest in history, yet the dollar itself, after years of inflation, was standing steady.

There were, of course, worries. Shells whistle in the Formosa Straits; a patrol plane was attacked off Alaska; Italy had a government crisis; Molotov, after a merry week, revealed in San Francisco that he had lost none of his unsettling skill as a Marxman. Still, who could be gloomy in a week when the chief collector would take time to see a bird which makes \$15 a week and came to Washington to talk about an income tax refund.

**CALVIN COOLIDGE'S "VERMONT SECRET"** FOR AVOIDING NECESSITY OF TALK

**SPARKPLUG PLATOON** marches through Atlanta as Junior Chamber of Commerce parades during its

annual convention. The outsized plugs were worn by the Michigan delegation to symbolize their state.

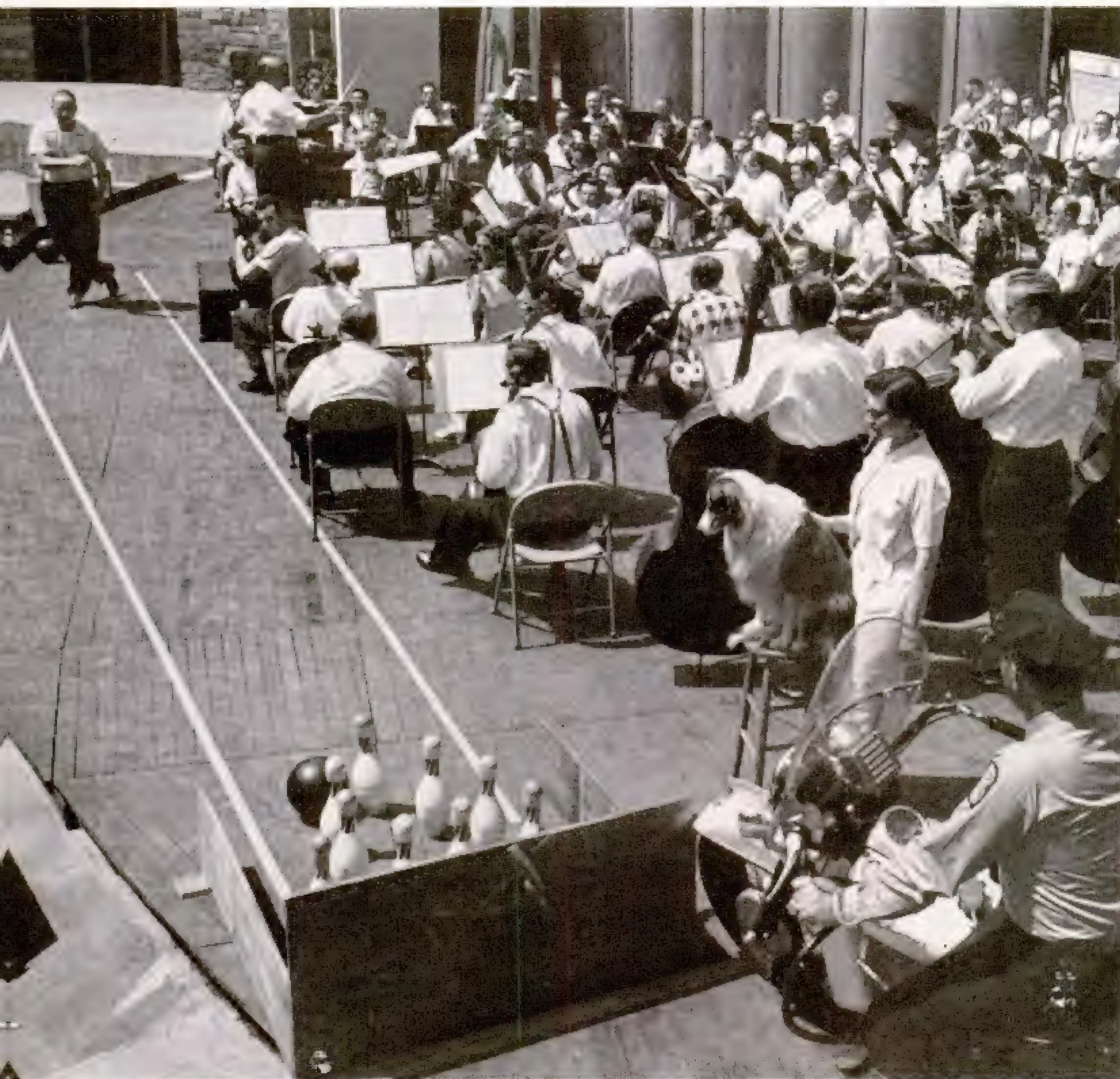


**PLUTOCRAT PARAKEET**, a store employee, asks a tax rebate from Tax Chief T. Coleman Andrews.





# SPIRITS AND INDUSTRY ARE EXPANSIVE



**MUSIC IS RAMPANT** as the *Hudson River Suite* is cued by Andre Kostelanetz at National Symphony

rehearsal in Washington. Bowler fells pins Rip Van Winkle heard. Rip's dog, cyclist with whistle wait.



**AS GENERAL MOTORS MADE PUBLIC ITS LATEST**



**OVERSEAS GIFT**, a lion named Winnie, will be given to former Prime Minister Churchill by Lions

Club members of Park Forest, Ill. Informed of the gift, Sir Winston said he would be glad to accept it.



**TELEVISION RAY GUN**, displayed in New York, turns a new Zenith receiver on or off, kills sound or

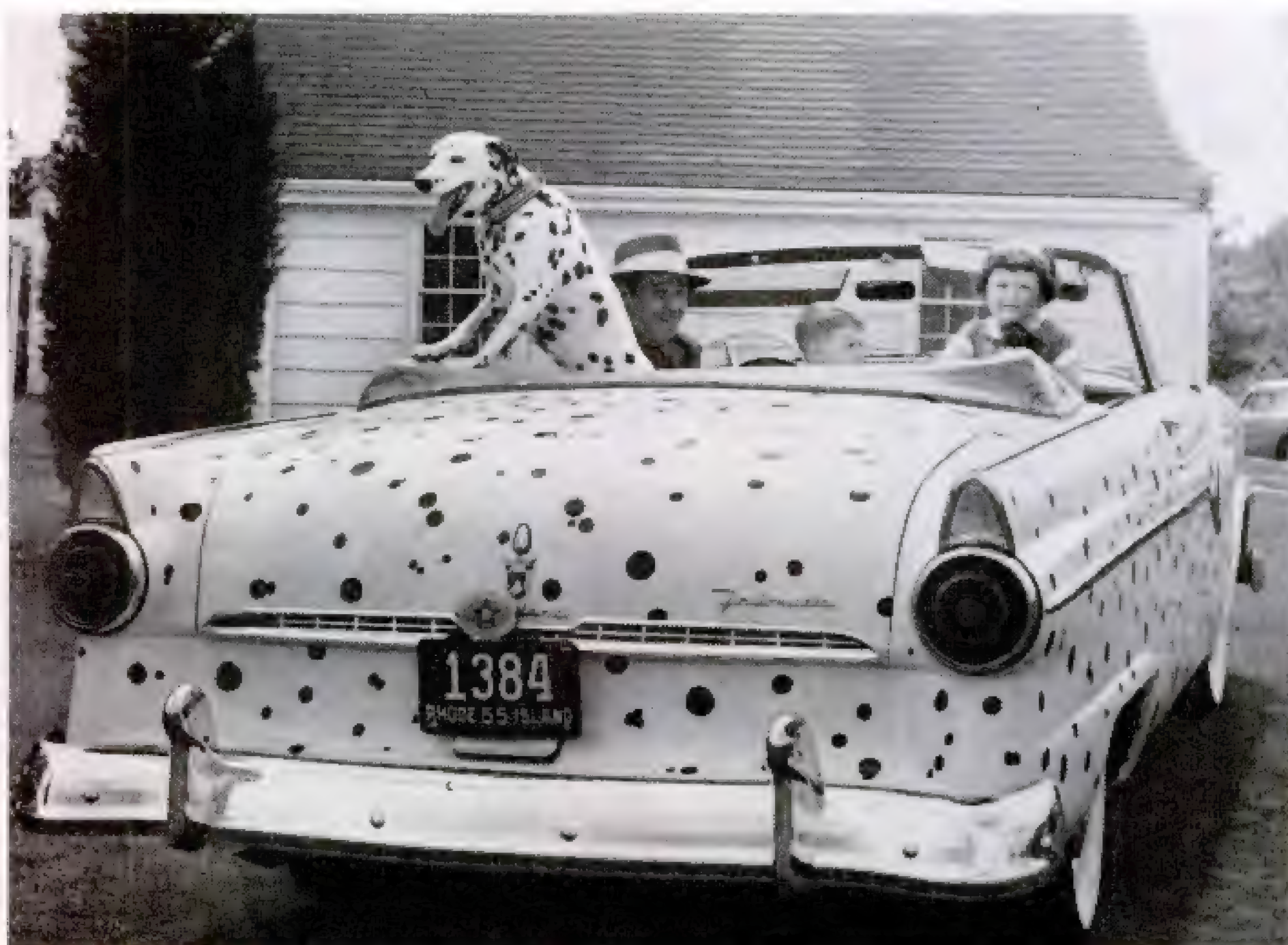




HALF-BILLION-DOLLAR EXPANSION PLAN, THIS TRIM NEW ENGINE PLANT AT FLINT, MICH., PART OF LAST YEAR'S BIG PROGRAM, WAS HITTING FULL PRODUCTION



switches channels by hitting photoelectric cells on the set. Ray gun is really just a dolled-up flashlight.



**CANINIZED CONVERTIBLE** was decorated for its owner, Francis Kenney of Greenwood, Rhode

Island, to match his Dalmatian, Skipper. Skipper now spends most of his time perched proudly on car.



# ADULTS ACT YOUNG AND THE YOUNGSTERS REALLY TAKE OFF



**POGO RECORD** in unofficial national competition was won by Donald Saboe of Baltimore, who did

8,500 leaps in one hour and four minutes, had energy left to leap for LIFE with light on his head.



**POGO CRAZE** hits Zanesville, Ohio. Champ Mary Jane Stebbins (center) bounced 6,201 times in hour.



**STICKY STUNT** put on by candy store at opening in Peabody, Mass., offered young Bostonians all the

chocolates they could chew, all the taffy they could pull. Kids tried hard but left some candy uneaten.



**WATERY PUSHBALL** played by Santa Monica firemen used fire hoses to get 200-lb. ball over goal.

**FIREMAN'S FALL** was caused by slippery pavement. Rules forbade aiming fire hoses at players.









**PORTICO PROTECTION** is sought by officer and armed civilians attacking rebels in navy ministry.



**SHATTERED WINDOW** in Perón's office was hit by bomb fragments. He had fled minutes earlier.



**THE DEAD** lie in the street in the center of Buenos Aires. An estimated 360 were killed in the fighting.



**AT HEIGHT OF REBEL ATTACK** A BOMB BURSTS IN MIDST OF PLAZA DE MAYO, GOVERNMENTAL CENTER.

## AFTER BLOWUP —THE CLEANUP

After an afternoon of bitter fighting (LIFE, June 27), a night of terror and a week of confusion during which no one was sure who was running the country, Argentina returned to its old paths. Workers swept up rubble where the navy air arm had struck savagely in an effort to liquidate the dictatorship of Juan Perón. Others cleaned up Catholic churches scorched

**IN URUGUAY, ARGENTINE NAVY AND AIR FORCE PILOTS, WHO TOOK PART IN REVOLT, ARE INTERNED**







KEY PERONISTA OFFICIALS ESCAPED BECAUSE OF A LAST-MINUTE ALERT FROM ARMY INTELLIGENCE

by street mobs. In Uruguay pilots who tried to make the revolution and failed when the army captured their airfields sat in internment.

The ill-planned revolt was crushed. One of its leaders, an admiral, was reported a suicide and two others, including the navy minister, were under arrest. Juan Perón was back. But he had had to turn over command of the armed

forces temporarily to General Franklin Lucero, who broke the revolt. The dictator had had to slow down his anti-Catholic policies and denounce his own church-wrecking supporters as "Communist." Adding to the confusion about Perón's political life was an unconfirmed report about his personal life—that the 59-year-old dictator had married a 19-year-old schoolgirl.

MUNICIPAL WORKERS IN FRONT OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE CLEAN UP RUBBLE CAUSED BY AIR ATTACKS



ANTI-CATHOLIC activity builds after bombings. In downtown area, mobs hang a priest in effigy.



PERÓN AND HIS GENERAL, Franklin Lucero (left), go on inspection tour after fighting is over.



# THE TWO REVOLUTIONS

## AN INDEPENDENT AMERICAN

Despite the differences between the French and American revolutions (*see right*), there is one thing common to all true heirs of both revolutions: they know their rights. For Americans, this has just been demonstrated by the singular cussedness of Mr. Arthur Guedel of Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. Guedel, a sales manager, bought a ticket on the overnight sleeper from Indianapolis to Washington. His train broke down and did not reach Harrisburg until three hours after departure of the train which was supposed to pick up the sleeper. All the other passengers, like so many obliging sheep, accepted the Pennsylvania Railroad's offer to take them to Philadelphia and put them aboard another Pullman.

Not Art Guedel. "I'm staying here," he said. "I bought a through ticket to Washington and I am going to stay on this car." All persuasion proved vain, so the Pennsy people finally departed, leaving a porter to attend Passenger Guedel in his lonely splendor.

After a while Guedel found himself in New York, where he had not planned to be, but he still stayed put. The Pennsy then offered him a whole drawing room on the 12:35 p.m. to Washington. Nope, said Guedel, he liked it just fine in the car he had a ticket for. Since the car had to go back to Washington anyway, the Pennsy gave up arguing, hitched Guedel's private car to the 12:35 and gave him a railroad-president-type ride all the rest of the way. "That was a very forceful man!" said one of the Pennsy people afterward.

This being a cooperative day and age, some people might think Guedel's cussedness was a bit extreme. We wouldn't especially want to get into any argument with him ourselves. But as long as his type survives in these United States, there isn't much danger of "creeping conformity" creeping very far.

The Declaration of Independence, 179 years old this week, gave meaning and slogans to the first of the great modern nationalist revolutions. Its enormous success has lent prestige to the very idea of revolution ever since. When France had her revolution a few years later, most Americans rejoiced to believe that here was more of the same. Despite the Jacobin Terror and Napoleon, its slogans, like ours, are still political music in the air; its historical trust is still considered to have been forward, not back.

But recent revolutions—Lenin's, Hitler's, Mussolini's and others—have taught us that not all bloodshed waters the tree of liberty. We have been forced by history to learn to discriminate among revolutions, and it is illuminating to pursue these distinctions to their 18th Century origins and note the difference, so long obscured by the similarity, between the American revolution and the French.

These two revolutions had in common one all-important word, liberty. They differed in almost everything else.

In some ways we Americans were shot with luck, not least in our choice of enemies. The British had already taught us the difficult art of self-government, and we fought them in the name of principles for which earlier Englishmen (as Burke reminded Parliament at the time) had shed their blood. When our Founding Fathers sat down in peace at Philadelphia to create a nation (*see p. 58*), they not only had at their disposal the political wisdom of the ages, of which they made excellent use, but they also had the habit of living with political liberty, which had spread through our scattered towns and clearings an ocean away from George III.

The French, on the other hand, had to wrest a liberty they never knew from the Crown, the nobles and the clergy. It was a wholly destructive task and in the heat of battle they romanticized their unfamiliar objective and compromised it. Not content with the priceless but limited achievement of political liberty, they were inebriated with the hope of changing world history and putting human reason, for the first time, in complete control of human fate.

There lay the central difference between the two revolutions—a difference about the nature of man. In Madison's 10th Federalist paper, the political implications of this difference are clearly spelled out. All societies are plagued by the natural discords—"factions" he called them—of sinful man. These can be treated either by eradicating their causes or controlling their effects. Our Founding Fathers were content to control their effects. The French tried to eradicate their causes. They tried to combat original sin as though it were a social disease, and to make virtue and fraternity objects of government, whereas they are in fact personal

achievements beyond any free government's reach.

For Madison and Co., all government was at best a necessary evil, and should therefore be permitted to do no more than is necessary for public order and national strength. For Rousseau and Robespierre, government was a means of educating and molding the French citizen toward social perfection. In Rousseau's phrase, he would be "forced to be free"; in the Egalitarian Manifesto of Babeuf, "The country takes possession of every individual at birth and never quits him till death."

The crimes of the Jacobins, committed in the name of fraternity, caused Metternich to remark, "If I had a brother, I would call him cousin." Robespierre sent most of his friends to the guillotine, yet he was in love with an abstraction called "humanity." Jefferson, Adams and Madison knew all the theories of the French Enlightenment and shared many of them, but they also knew men.

In *The Dignity of Man*, the late Russell Davenport traces the connection between the French "absolutist revolution" and the modern totalitarianism, Marx being the connecting link. The Jacobin dream of a "new kind of man" was, like Marx's, a dream of salvation, "not of the soul but of the body—salvation in social terms." The French people, thanks to their realism and private graces, have managed to avoid modern totalitarianism despite its ideological kinship with 1789. But their politics have also suffered for 166 years from the unrealism of the revolutionary principles they still profess.

However that may be, Americans have every reason to keep green their understanding of the 1776 revolution. It was in important respects a conservative revolution, a fact which no intelligent liberal need regret. For its limited object was to secure liberty, and in this it was successful. We are fortunate that this tradition enables us to elect conservative governments occasionally—witness the popularity of Eisenhower, a self-styled conservative—for practical conservatives serve liberty as well as, and sometimes better than, do theorists of reform.

The American view of man and liberty has one further implication. Although the Constitution makes no mention of virtue or fraternity, and although the Bill of Rights does not impose a single corresponding duty on any American, nevertheless the virtuous, fraternal and responsible citizen is essential to the whole scheme. And so therefore is the God whose existence makes these efforts a private duty. Said the Supreme Court in 1952, not for the first time, "We are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being." All those institutions, however well designed, are merely human aids to freedom. God's is still the only truth that can really make and keep men free.





FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

## How to serve magnificent MACARONI —with half the usual fuss

**S**UPPOSE, at the very last minute, your family says, "Please, Mom, let's have *macaroni* tonight!" Here's the easiest way in the world to fix it.

Simply put our FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni in a casserole, top with buttered bread crumbs, the way we've done it here, and brown quickly in your oven. In just about 20 minutes, it's piping hot and ready!

If you're really counting minutes, you can merely place the contents of the can in a saucepan and heat it. But whatever way you fix Franco-American

Macaroni, the irresistible, homey flavor is *there*.

Want to know why? Because we use the same kind of ingredients you would. Aged natural Cheddar cheese, for example. And butter and milk, fresh from the farm.

Naturally enough, Franco-American Macaroni is wonderfully *nutritious*. One average serving has more protein than a farm-fresh egg.

And you get all this goodness for about nine cents a serving. Don't you agree that Franco-American Macaroni is something you should try?

**Franco-American**  
**Macaroni**  
**WITH CHEESE SAUCE**





*For better service, Leading*

**General Motors**

**BACKED BY THE EXPERIENCE**





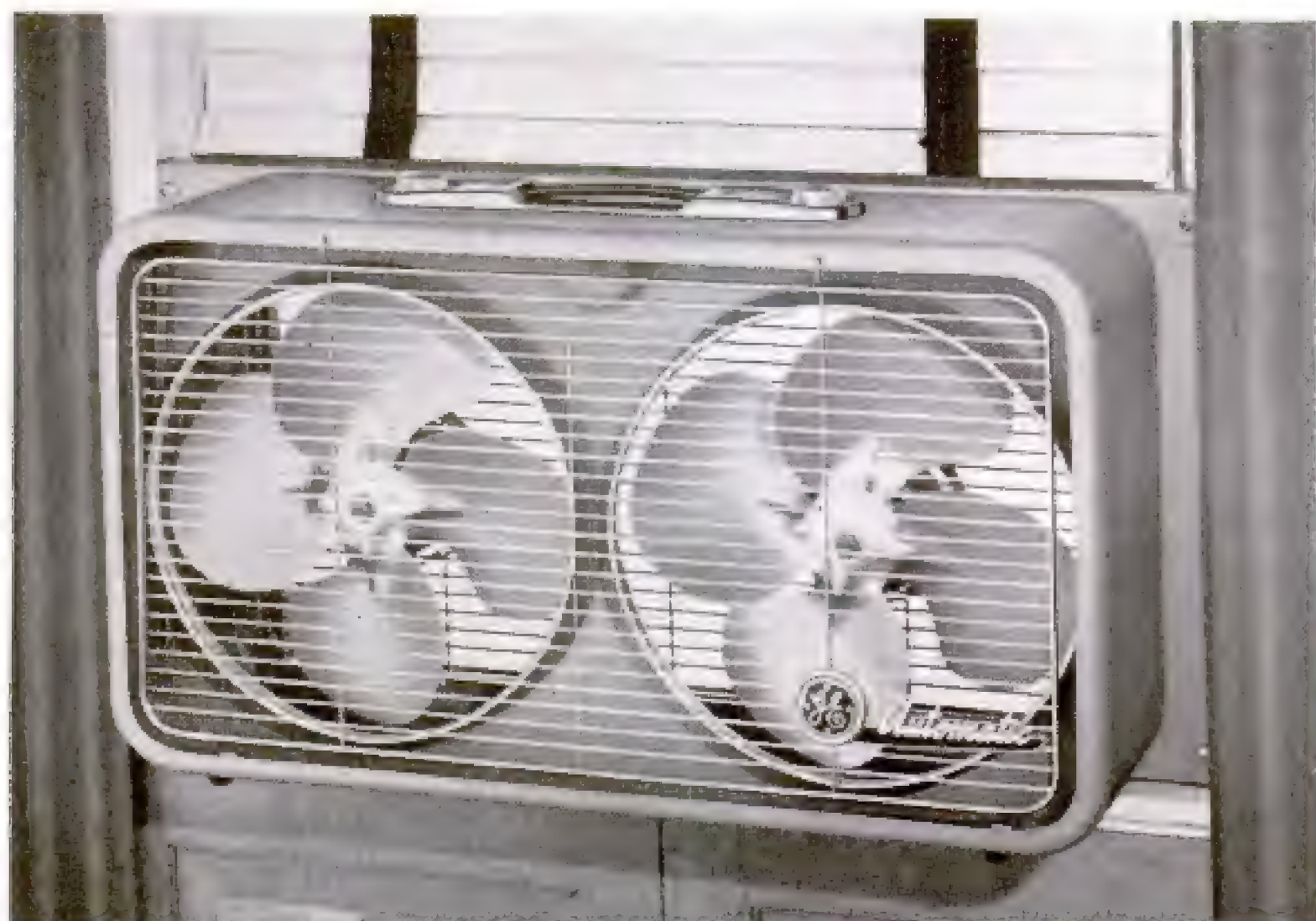
# BIG BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR THE U.N.

Ten years after, the delegates from 60 member countries assemble at its birthplace



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





Fits either sash or casement windows.



## New! Automatic Twin-Fan Ventilator

### Gives low-cost room cooling

G.E.'s Automatic Twin-Fan Ventilator has special control for temperature you like. Set it and forget it. Fan turns itself on and off *automatically* as temperature rises or drops. Here's truly low-cost room cooling—and no installation charge, either!

only  
\$ **64<sup>95</sup>** \*

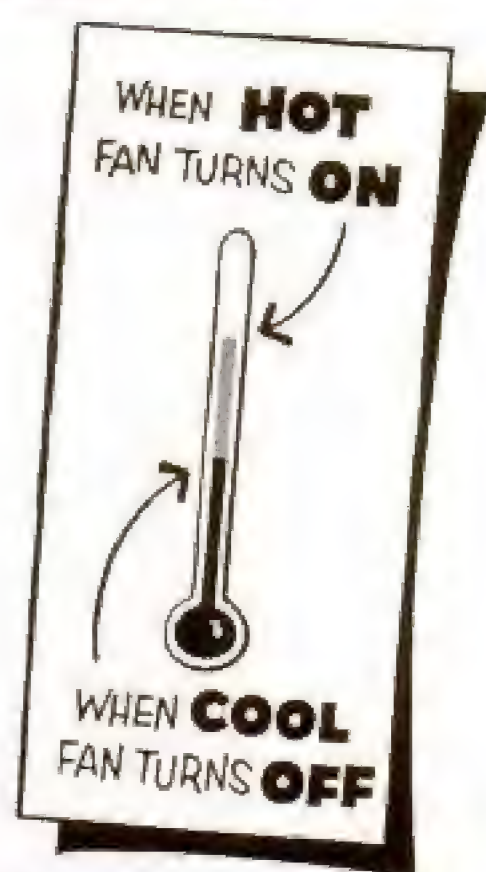
#### Easily Reversible!

Draws cool air in—blows stuffy air out—both with maximum efficiency. Special mounting panel makes it possible to reverse fan effortlessly. Fits wide or narrow windows. Completely portable—easily carried from room to room.

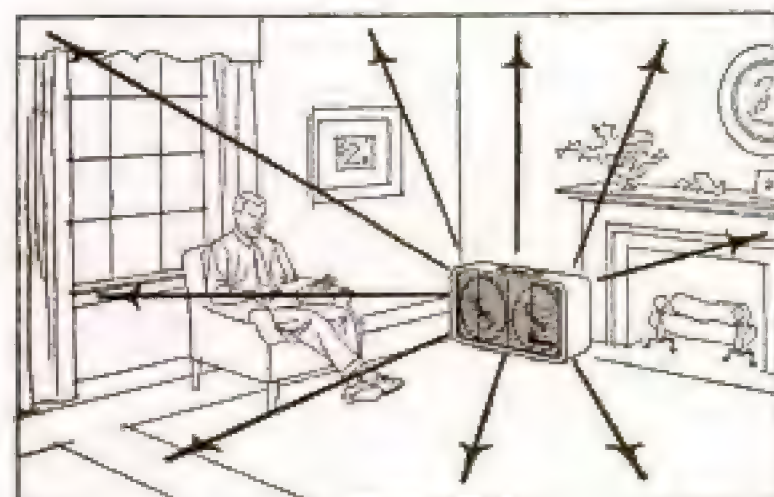
#### G-E Fans as low as \$17.95\*

There's a G-E Fan for every cooling need—and prices run as low as \$17.95. G-E Fans sell out fast when it's hot . . . so buy a fan today and keep cool all summer long.

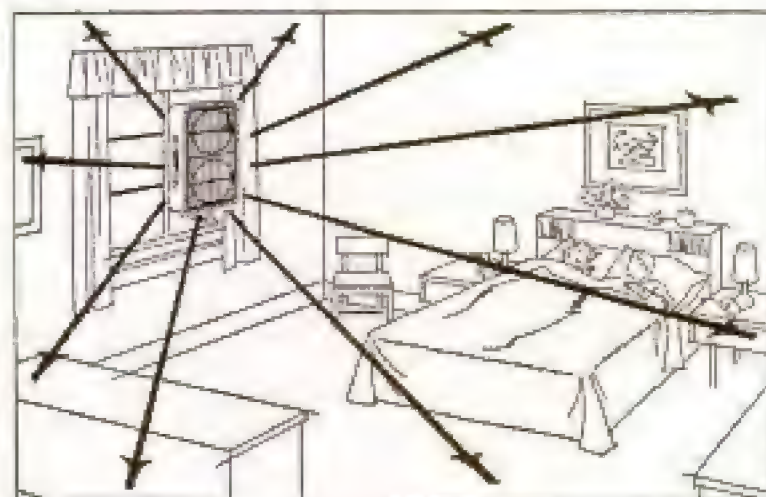
\*Manufacturer's recommended retail and Fair Trade price. Automatic Blanket and Fan Dept., Small Appliance Division, General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.



#### IT'S PORTABLE—DOES TWO COOLING JOBS!



BY DAY—A CIRCULATOR!



BY NIGHT—A VENTILATOR!

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**



BRASS ON THE DAIS at the opening session included, left to right, U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Soviet representative to the U.N. Arkady

## AMID A NEW HOPE FOR AMITY

Ten years old and relieved to find itself still alive, the United Nations convened at a big diplomatic party at its birthplace, San Francisco. In a mellow holiday mood induced by nostalgic memories, delegates from 60 countries poured into the Opera House full of hope that a historic reunion might further a new atmosphere of cordiality in a troubled world. There was reason for such hope. The birthday party had more than ceremonial importance because it provided a convenient meeting for the Big Four foreign ministers. They were there to clear away the last barriers to a meeting "at the summit" in Geneva.

The atmosphere of optimism was heightened by the first speech of

UNDER AN UMBRELLA IN GARDEN OF RENTED MANSION MOLOTOV (RIGHT







Sobolev, the President, Venezuela's Dr. Perez-Perez, Brazil's Freitas-Valle, Foreign Minister Molotov and the U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld.

## REPEATED CLICHES OF ENMITY

the meeting. In it President Eisenhower declared that the future objective of the U.N. should be "peace of such a new kind that all the world would think anew and act anew." But when Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov mounted the rostrum he shattered the prevailing harmony by again parroting familiar Soviet charges against the West. His attack provoked some fiery replies and unparliamentary incidents. But the most effective answer was provided by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles (*right and p. 21*) who said, "There is one extremely simple method of bringing to an end what is called the 'cold war.' It is this: Observe the Charter of the United Nations."

CENTER) TALKS DIPLOMACY WITH DELEGATES BETWEEN THE SESSIONS



**MACMILLAN**, the first Big Four foreign minister to speak, said, "Recently there has been a lifting of the cloud. . . . Can we recover the mental outlook of 1945?"



**MOLOTOV** accused Western powers of forming "military alliances . . . aggressive and imperialist [in their] character . . . spearheaded against certain other states."



**FLARE-UP OCCURRED** when Cuba's Dr. Nuñez-Portuondo attacked Soviets, was gavelled down by Van Kleffens in chair. Philippines' Romulo (*foreground*) rushed to protest.



**PINAY** replied to Molotov's attack on alliances: "My country is not prepared to abandon the security insured to it by [the Atlantic Treaty Organization]."



**DULLES** declared that if the U.N. had not firmly resisted aggression in Korea, "we would [now] be commemorating the fifth anniversary of the demise of the U.N."



## INATTENTIVE LISTENER, ALERT



**BORED CONFERENCE-GOER**, India's chief delegate Krishna Menon, whiles away the time during the Macmillan speech by gossiping with the Indian



**PATROL ON PARAPET** outside Secretary Dulles' suite in the Mark Hopkins Hotel is stolidly maintained by U.S. military courier, M/Sgt. Earl Gearlds.



**WATCH IN THE WOODS** around Soviets' mansion is kept by a Russian guard, who peers out at photographer shooting from adjoining property.



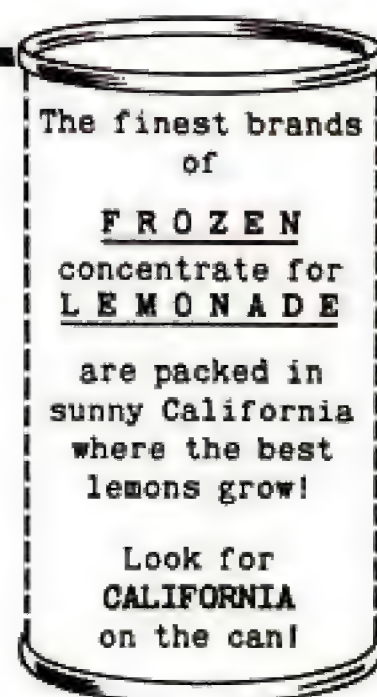
**Refreshing!** Lemonade's the beverage that picks you up... without letting you down! That quenches thirst like nothing else! It's ready in seconds with Frozen Lemonade from sunny California. Just open can...add water, ice. Nice mixed with ginger ale or soda!

**Tangy!** Frozen Lemonade with CALIFORNIA on the can contains the sweetened, fresh-frozen juice of the finest lemons that grow... California lemons. So look for CALIFORNIA when you buy!

**Costs only 3¢ a glass!** Each 6-oz. can makes a full quart. Pick up several cans today. Keep a pitcherful in your refrigerator.

LEMON PRODUCTS ADVISORY BOARD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

so easy now with  
**FROZEN LEMONADE** from  
sunny California



## POISON IVY

or POISON OAK

**STOP SCRATCHING!** This tannic acid treatment for ivy, oak or sumac poisoning is gentle and **SAFE** for children and adults, quickly dries up the blisters—often within a day. At druggists, 69¢



Lotion or Cream

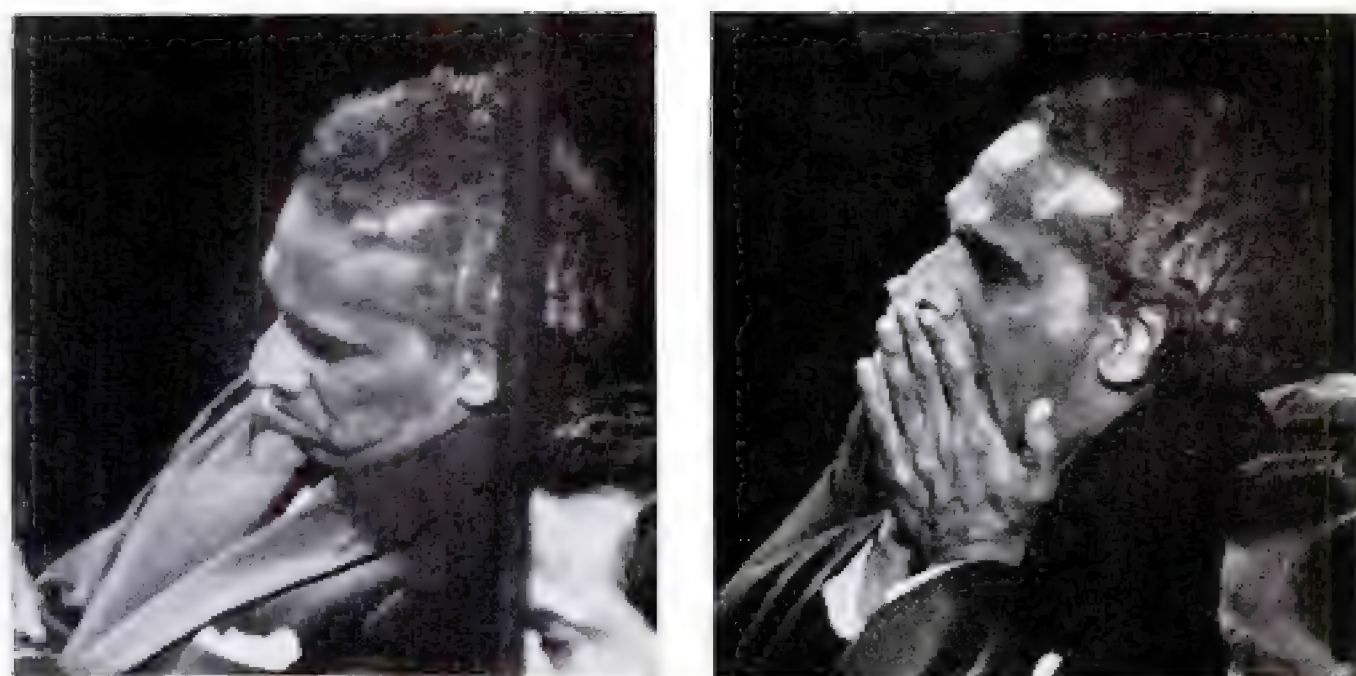
**HIS "ROYAL HIGHNESS" HAS A NARROW ESCAPE**

<p>WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIS MAJESTY?</p>	<p>HIS SISTER IS COMING TO VISIT!</p>	<p>THAT'S BAD? SHE'S BRINGING THE KIDS</p>	<p>STOP THAT THIS INSTANT!</p>
<p>KIDS LOVE TO MAKE THEIR OWN ROYAL INSTANT, SIRE!</p>	<p>HE'S THE FAVORITE NOW!</p>	<p>Only <b>ROYAL INSTANT PUDDING</b> is <b>SUPER HOMOGENIZED</b> for Flavor and Smoothness</p> <p>For scrumptious desserts every time... ALWAYS REACH FOR <b>ROYAL</b></p>	

©1955, King Features Syndicate, Inc. D. SOGLOW



## PATROLS AND A SOCIAL EVENT



U.N. representative, surrendering to a small yawn, almost giving it all up and finally coming to life sufficiently to deal with a really enormous yawn.



**NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, concert given in Opera House by San Francisco symphony orchestra and opera singers, draws dressed-up delegates and wives.

CONTINUED



Wives: Make him a gift of this amazing new hair preparation that *ends* this problem!

## Revolutionary new hair dressing *won't grease-stain your hat!*

Keeps hair *naturally* neat all day—no “slicked-down” look—and leaves no oily stain!

● Hair experts said it couldn't be done! *But now, 30 years of laboratory experience have done it!*

Thanks to a new formula, this revolutionary new hair dressing, Beau Kreml, does NOT leave harmful, hard-to-get-out oil stains on upholstery, pillow slips, hats—and it keeps hair natural-looking and in place from morning till night.

### Two special ingredients!

New Beau Kreml contains an ingredient similar to the natural protective agents in your own hair. Called KR-9, this first special ingredient never lets your hair look greasy, sticky, or shiny!

The second special ingredient has a remarkable “spreading action.” New Beau Kreml goes on in a second and works evenly through your hair—even *when wet*—with no need for

time-taking massage to get it thoroughly distributed. It makes hair instantly *manageable* . . . keeps all but the most wiry hair in place! New Beau Kreml also relieves dryness in hair and scalp.

### Extra easy to wash out, too!

No special lathering is needed. Because new Beau Kreml is water-soluble, it also rinses off your hands and off your comb under plain tap water.

Enjoy new Beau Kreml's wonderful hair control and freedom from those everlasting oily stains. Long-lasting bottle—only 69¢.



“Keeps hair naturally controlled,” says John Steffes, of Grand Rapids, Mich. And new Beau Kreml will not leave oily stains on precious fabrics. Get the new Beau Kreml today . . . only 69¢!

### FOR DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP

Use *regular* Kreml Hair Tonic, in the famous yellow carton. *New* anti-septic ingredients *kill on contact* the scalp parasites commonly believed to be a cause of excessive dandruff.

*regular* **KREML HAIR TONIC**



# OLD GRADS, CLASS OF '45, ATTENDING A REUNION



TWO RANKING ALUMNI of U.N. founding return to San Francisco. Truman, President turned private citizen,



walks with Ralph Bunche and U.N. official. Molotov, still foreign minister, is with Soviet Ambassador Zarubin.



NOSTALGIC OVATION is given Truman, who addressed final session of the 1945 meeting, as he stands on rostrum

in Opera House. This time he made plea for progress toward peace through international reduction of armaments.

Good food requires

*America's No. 1 Pepper!*

Available at food stores everywhere. Buy it today!

One famous emblem ... two great brands

**McCORMICK and Schilling**

THE HOUSE OF McCORMICK

## Inflamed Eyes?

Get prompt relief with LAVOPTIK Eye Lotion. Also soothes granulated eyelids; relieves tired, sore, itching, sticky, burning or irritated eyes or money refunded. 42 years success. Praised by thousands. Get LAV-OP-TIK Eye Lotion today. (Eye-cup included.) At all druggists.

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**sani-white**

for the whitest shoes you've ever worn!

Also in "Sani-Black" and "Sani-Brown" At Leading Chain and Independent Stores

**PULVEX**

ANTI-SCRATCH FLEA POWDER

**KILLS** Fleas, Lice, Ticks Fungi and Bacteria

ANOTHER COOPER PRODUCT

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GUARANTEED Hosiery

ADAMS-MILLIS CORP., HIGH POINT, N. C.

World's Largest Selling Medicated Family Powder

Soothes itch of Minor Rashes (diaper rash) Chafe, Athlete's Foot

**MEXSANA** POWDER MEDICATED

79¢



How many ways can you use  
a camera like this?

It's the most compact all-purpose  
snapshot camera ever made. It's



an outdoor-indoor camera



It's a daytime ☀ nighttime ☆ 🌙 ☆ camera

It's a black-and-white camera  
and a color camera, too.

It's small enough to carry with you anywhere.  
Yet you get standard enlarged prints the size of  
a postcard (3½" x 5") . . . full-color snaps, too,  
with Kodacolor Film.

It's a well-engineered, handsomely styled  
little picture-maker, soundly constructed for  
years of service.

It's so easy to use, it's the ideal "first camera"  
for beginners, young or old. There are no settings  
to make. The lens is prefocused for you at the  
factory. All you do is aim and shoot.

It's inexpensive to operate. It uses thrifty  
No. 127 film—8 snaps to a roll.

It's priced so low (\$4.95 including Federal  
Tax, Flashholder \$3.20) you can afford more  
than one—for each of the youngsters,  
for instance. You can even have one just  
to keep in the baby's room, loaded  
and ready at all times, so you won't  
miss a single fleeting mood or expression.

It's the handiest, most compact flash camera  
that Kodak ingenuity has yet devised.

It's the Brownie Holiday Flash Camera—and  
whether you want one for yourself or for a gift, it's  
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Camera and  
Flashholder shown  
actual size

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**Kodak**  
TRADE-MARK

SEE "KODAK REQUEST PERFORMANCE" . . . WEDNESDAY EVENINGS — NBC-TV





## Safe driver stops for a "Coffee-break"

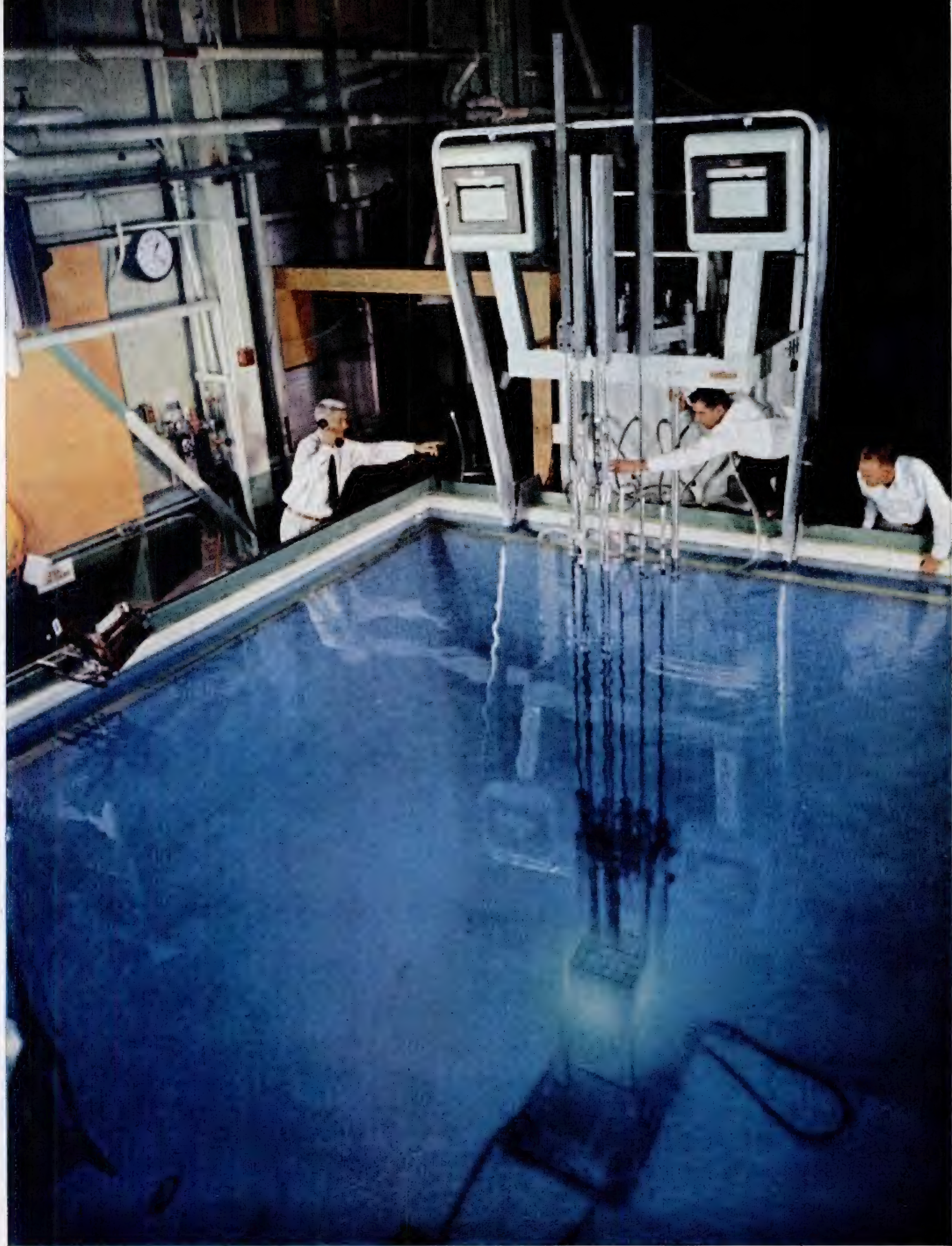
It's great to drive down the open road — but mighty nice to stop! And it's a wise driver who makes that stop a "Coffee-break." Safety experts and professional drivers advise frequent stops for "Coffee-breaks" on the highway. What a delightful way to alert yourself for the miles ahead! What a pleasant rule to follow! There's nothing

else like the rich full body of real coffee, either refreshingly iced or good and hot. And nothing equals coffee's wonderful flavor and aroma! On the road, on the job, or at home, give yourself a "Coffee-break." Think better, work better, feel better — *drive better!* PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

© 1955

*There is nothing so satisfying as a cup of good coffee*





## ATOMIC GLOW FOR U.N. SHOW

At the U.N. Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy which opens in Geneva this August the U.S. will exhibit a full-sized working reactor. Last month the \$350,000 swimming pool reactor, built by Union Carbide and Carbon Corp. for the AEC, was turned on (*above*) for a final checkout at Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

Lying safely beneath 16 feet of water, the

plates of uranium began slowly to disintegrate inside their aluminum boxes, making the surrounding water glow blue from the radiation. The engineers smoothly raised and lowered the rods of boron carbide which govern the rate of fission. Then they switched the reactor off and left it to "cool" for a few weeks before hauling it out of the water for the trip to Geneva.



Seldom has  
the screen captured  
such passion and  
emotion...fierce  
human hungers that  
probe deep into  
the very heart  
of life itself!



stands alone!  
first as a book...  
now as a  
motion picture!



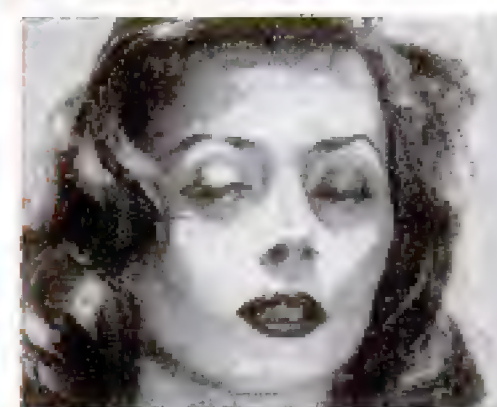
Olivia  
**de HAVILLAND**



Robert  
**MITCHUM**



Frank  
**SINATRA**



Gloria  
**GRAHAME**



Broderick  
**CRAWFORD**



Charles  
**BICKFORD**

STANLEY KRAMER Presents

# NOT AS A STRANGER

with MYRON McCORMICK • LON CHANEY • JESSE WHITE • Written for the Screen by Edna and Edward Anhalt  
Based on the Novel by MORTON THOMPSON • Music by George Antheil • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS • Produced and Directed by **STANLEY KRAMER**

**Coming! - Watch for it at your favorite theatre!**





STANDING ON TOP OF TREELESS STEPTOE BUTTE, 1,500 FEET ABOVE THE ROLLING FARMLAND, McCROSKEY LOOKS TOWARD FORESTED RIDGE HE GAVE TO IDAHO

## A GIFT FROM McCROSKEY

**An old man gives to Idaho the piny ridge he has loved all his life**

As a boy on a dusty homestead farm near Oakesdale, Wash., Virgil McCroskey used to climb a nearby butte to look across the dry vista at a pine-crested ridge rising 20 miles east in Idaho. Years later, having built up a successful drug business and retired, McCroskey was dismayed to see ax men cutting down pines on the ridge. A bachelor with no family to support, he began to buy up the land and build a scenic road through it.

That was 1939. In 1951 the road was finished

and McCroskey proudly offered it, along with 4,400 acres of woodland, to the state of Idaho. But Idaho declined the gift, protesting that it would be too expensive to maintain. Enlisting the support of Boy Scouts, University of Idaho students and the D.A.R., McCroskey lobbied to give away his land. Finally yielding, the legislature accepted the gift after McCroskey offered to see to the maintenance of the road for 15 years—an optimistic offer since in 1970 he will be 93.



IN 1902 McCROSKEY SHOWED SAME VIEW

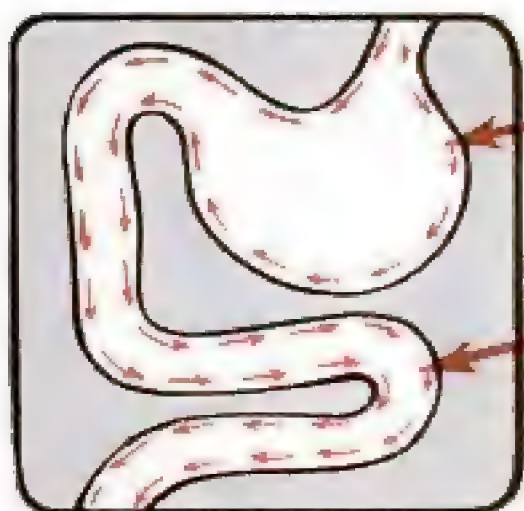




## Stomach **UPSET?**

*Indigestion? Nausea? Diarrhea?*

**Hospital Tests prove Pepto-Bismol works  
where Soda and Alkalizers fail!**



1. Pepto-Bismol helps soothe in the stomach...where overdoses of soda and alkalizers may actually prolong the upset!

2. Pepto-Bismol also helps calm distress in the intestinal tract... where soda and alkalizers never help!

Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes both the irritated stomach and intestinal walls with a gentle coating action. It helps retard gas formation; calm heartburn, nausea. Hospital tests also prove it controls simple diarrhea—without constipating. No wonder Pepto-Bismol is America's leading family remedy for upset stomach!

**P.S. MOTHERS!** Pepto-Bismol is effective, mild, safe for children, too. They love its wonderful flavor!



A NORWICH PRODUCT

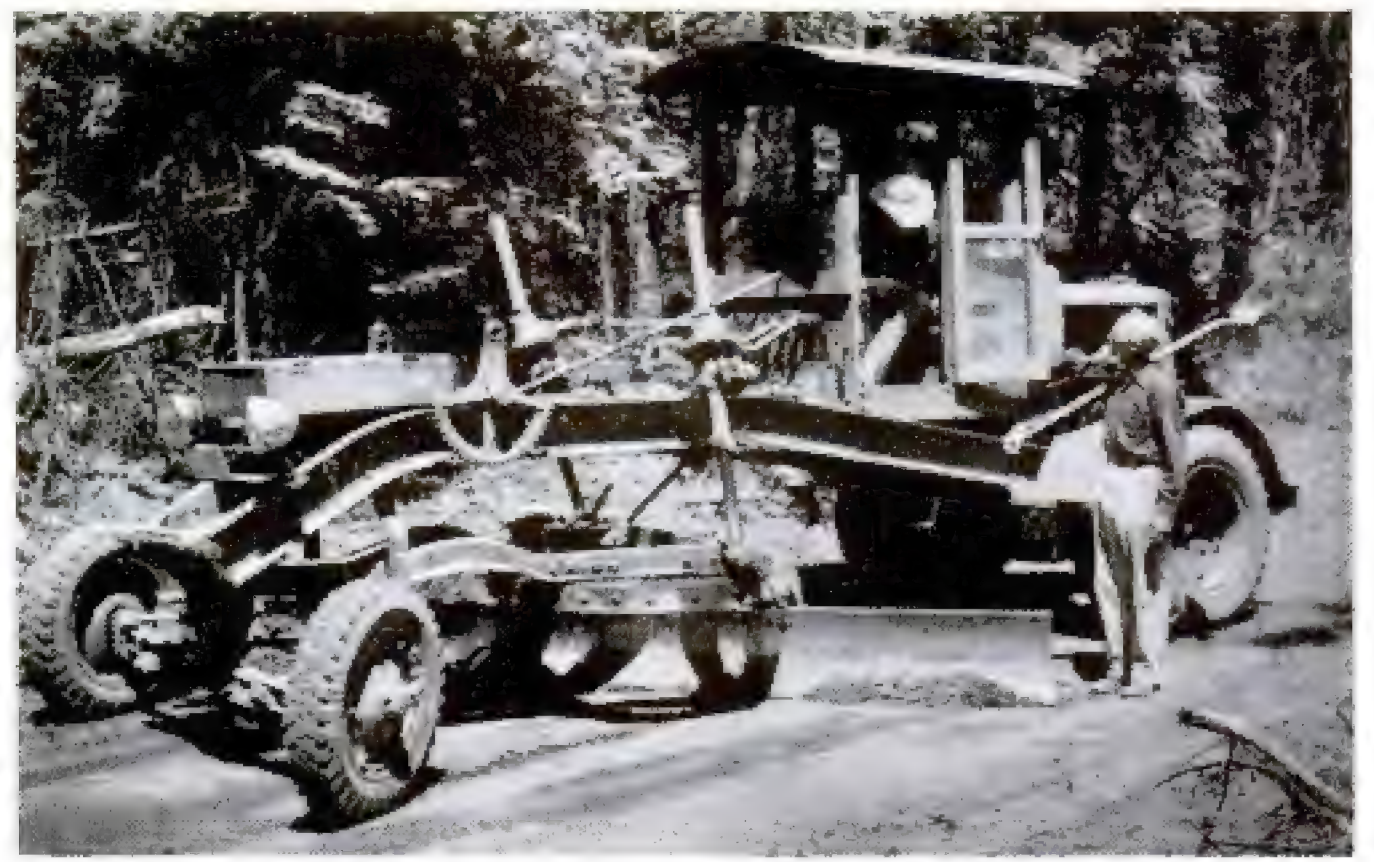


*Take Hospital Tested*

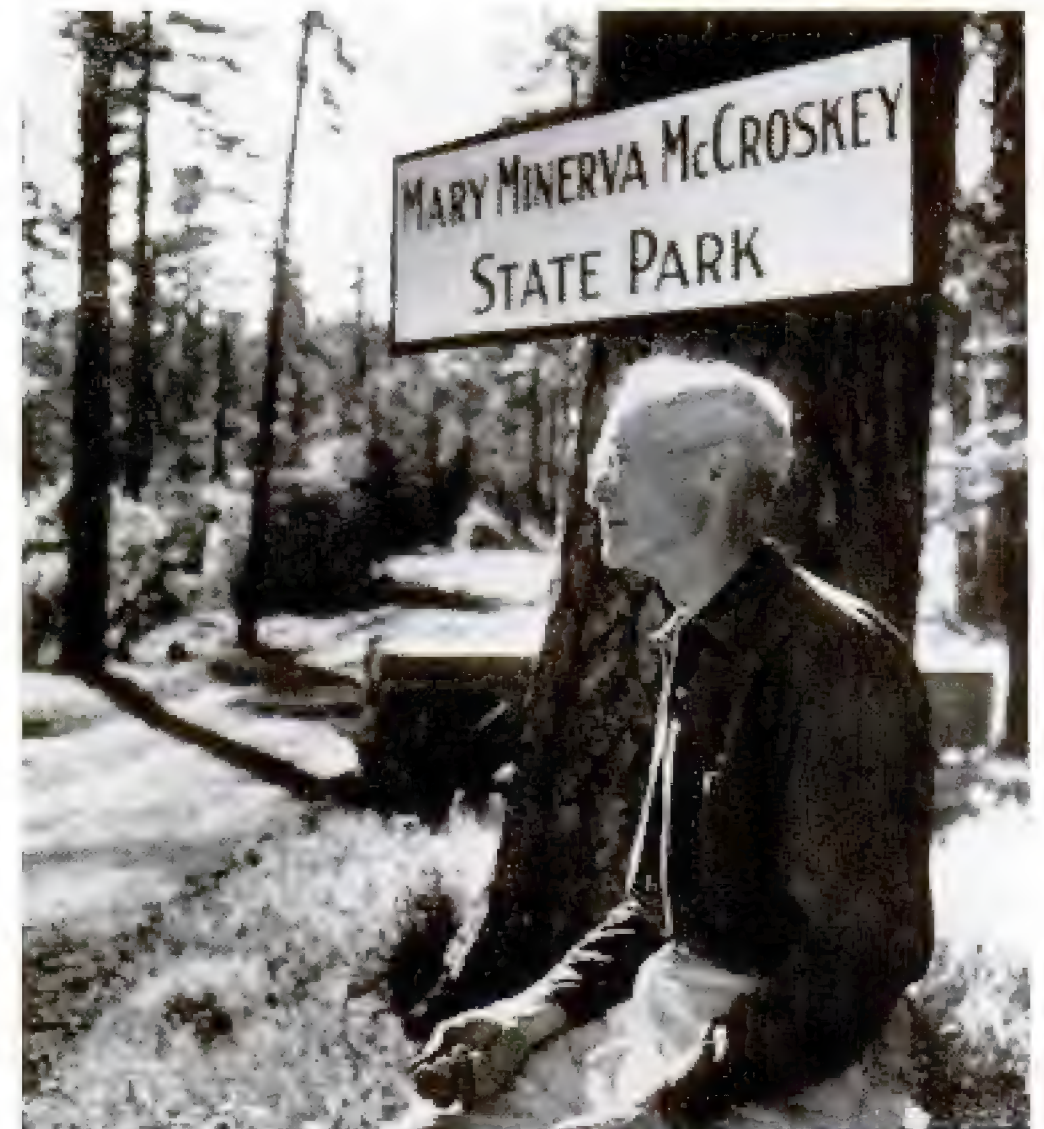
# Pepto-Bismol®

*...and feel good again!*

Gift from McCroskey CONTINUED



**MAINTAINING THE ROAD** at his expense, as he agreed to do, McCroskey gives instructions to the operator of the grader he bought just for this job.



**RESTING IN THE SHADE** of pines he worked to protect, McCroskey sits under sign naming park for his mother.



**CLEARING BRUSH** and trees away from the ridge, Boy Scouts help make new ski tows near Skyline Drive. McCroskey also gave Scouts a 400-acre campsite.

CONTINUED



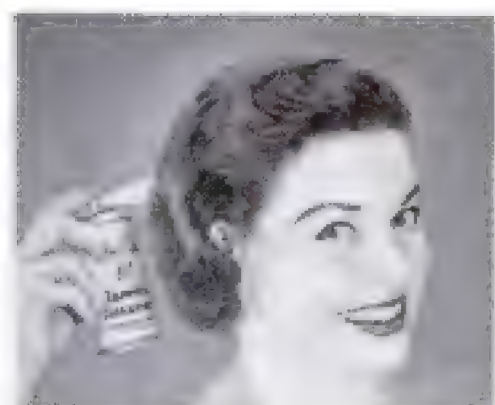
# Fabulous hair dressing sprays pure excitement into your hair... *right down to your very scalp!*



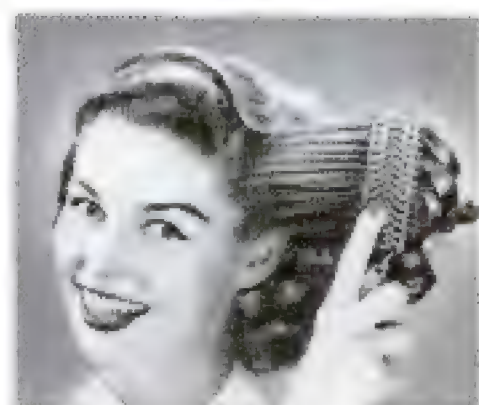
Entirely new kind of dressing reaches every hair on your head,  
brings out a shimmering softness you haven't seen in years!

## Helene Curtis lanolin discovery<sup>\*</sup>

gives you what no other hair dressing can . . . pure lanolin (no filler oils)  
in mist-fine spray. It actually beautifies hair as nothing before!



**SPRAY IT IN . . .** Pure lanolin right down to your very scalp!



**BRUSH! . . .** Warm highlights appear instantly, all through your hair!



**THAT'S ALL! . . .** The easiest way in the world to have beautiful hair!



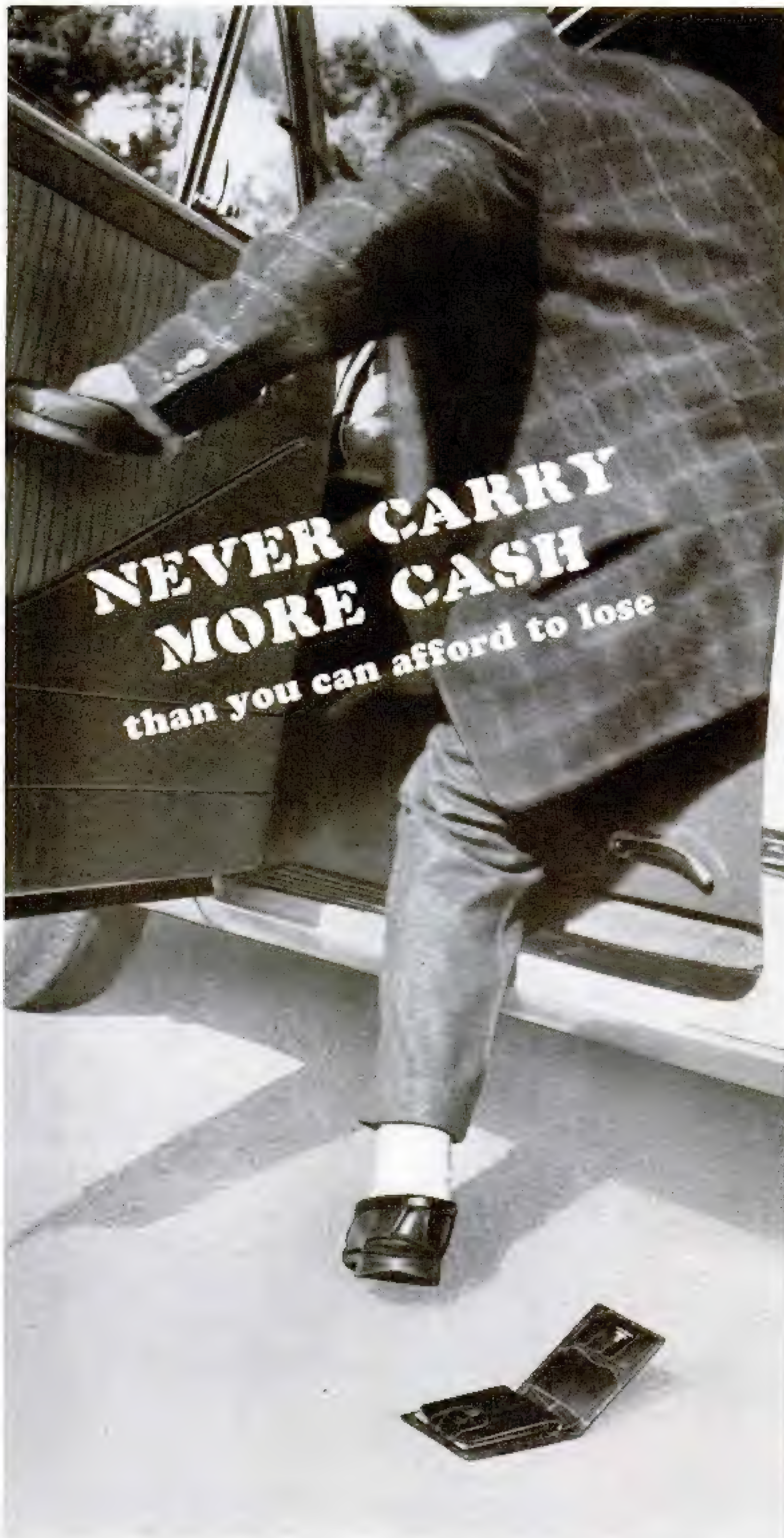
Does your present hair dressing give you a "top-of-the-hair shine"—and nothing more? That's why Helene Curtis *invented* LANOLIN DISCOVERY! Spray it—right down to your scalp. Brush. What happens to your hair is practically a miracle! Because for the first time in your life you're getting pure lanolin—in the most effective form ever devised to give your hair the natural brilliance, the silken smoothness, the thousand-and-one highlights you've always wanted. Why live another day without it?

LARGE SIZE \$1.25

GIANT ECONOMY SIZE \$1.89 plus tax

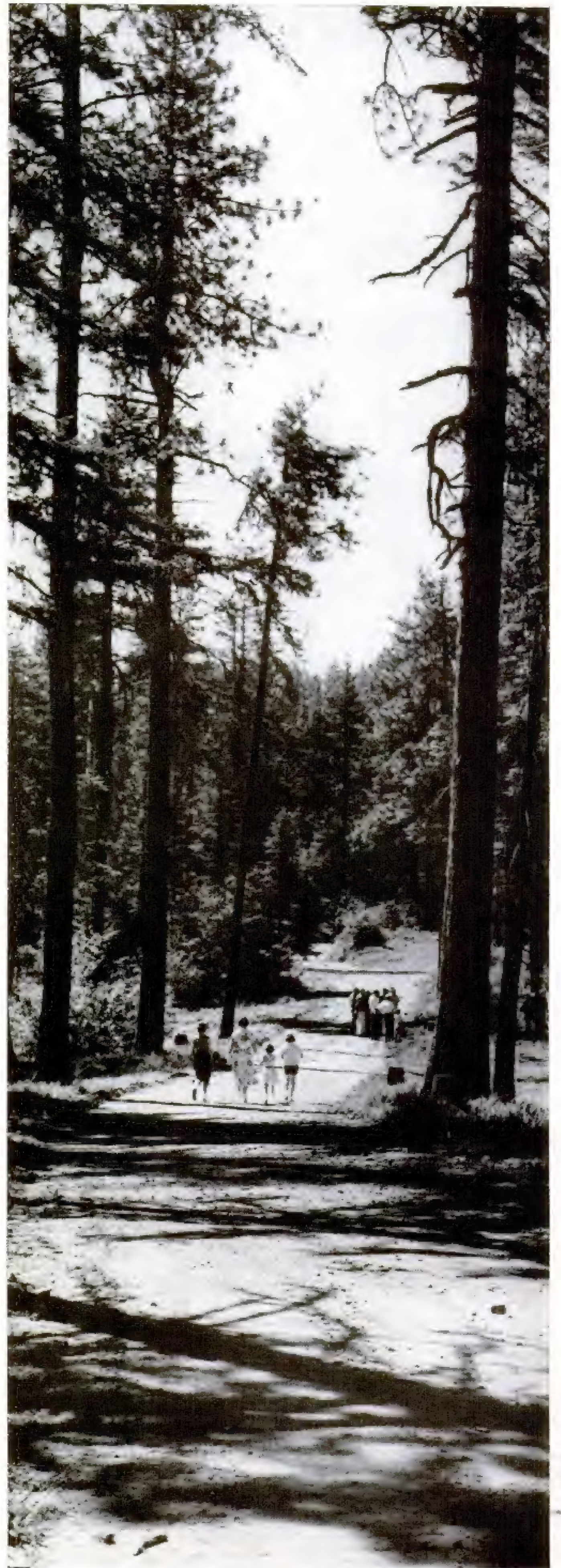
<sup>\*</sup>TM





**Wherever you travel,  
protect your money with...**  
**AMERICAN EXPRESS  
TRAVELERS CHEQUES**

- Instantly accepted everywhere
- Immediate refund if lost or stolen
- Good until used
- Sold at any BANK, at Railway Express, and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per \$100.



**ALONG McCROSKEY'S ROAD**, picnickers stroll among ponderosa pines. In dry spells Mr. McCroskey goes out with a bucket, watering wild flowers.



*Naturally—*  
the best lemonade  
comes from  
**Sunkist**

What name do you look for when you buy fresh lemons? Sunkist, of course. What name should you look for in frozen lemonade? Why, Sunkist! For Sunkist Frozen Lemonade is produced by the growers themselves... always from their own grove-fresh *California* fruit... in their own spotless new plant in the heart of "Lemonland." It's extra refreshing, absolutely delicious, the finest. Try some and see!

**Sunkist**  
*Quick-Frozen*  
**Lemonade**



*The most  
refreshing drink  
of all!*





# NEW TREAT!



*Pink pineapple sherbet loaded with  
bright, tropic-ripened fruit!*

## Meadow Gold Hawaiian Sherbet

Taste what happens when we take the tangy juice of ripe Hawaiian pineapples, bits of the same good fruit—and smooth-freeze them into pink, frosty sherbet. Even thinking about it makes you feel cooler, doesn't it? That's why we've made Hawaiian Sherbet our Meadow Gold Special all during this hot month. Cool off with some today. Choose either the half-gallon or our new, re-usable plastic pint container. Your family will love every spoonful of Meadow Gold Hawaiian Sherbet, we'll promise you that! It's the most refreshing treat in many a summer!



### Special Offer! LIFE-SIZE DOLL

\$12.00 VALUE

ONLY \$3<sup>50</sup>

with the shield from any  
MEADOW GOLD PRODUCT



She's 2 ft., 3 in. tall—as big as a real little girl! An exact likeness of the lovable Little Meadow Gold Girl from our ads, she has saucy pigtails, red felt dress and removable pink felt apron. Very lightweight, soft and unbreakable. Make check or money order payable to: Meadow Gold Doll. Send to P. O. Box 33, Cooper Station, New York 3, N. Y.

Offer good only in U. S., and void in any state or locality where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Expires October 1, 1955

Copyright © 1955 Meadow Gold





PAUL HOSMER STEADIES HIS 54-POUND ALUMINUM CANOE ON DEVIL'S LAKE. THE CANOE IS LOADED WITH FOOD, CAMP STOVE AND CAMERAS USED ON THE TRIP

## AN AERIAL ILLUSION

**Devil's Lake is so still and transparent that a canoe appears to float above the water**

The waters of Devil's Lake in Oregon change color every hour or two of the day, and when the mountain winds are still and the light just right the stream-fed lake becomes almost miraculously clear and tranquil.

This spring Paul Hosmer and his son Jim of Bend, Ore. went up to Devil's Lake to take

pictures of the changing colors. While Jim was standing on the shore setting up his cameras, the emerald green waters suddenly cleared. He called to his father to hold the canoe steady with the paddle and then took this photograph which makes the canoe seem magically suspended over the placid waters of Devil's Lake.

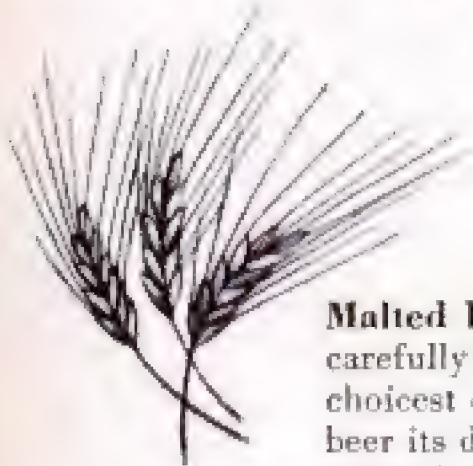




"FRIENDS OVER ON THE FOURTH" by John Gannam. Number 109 in the series "Home Life in America"

*On an occasion like this—*

**What makes a glass of beer taste so good?**



**Malted barley and other grains—**carefully selected from our country's choicest crops. The tangy hops that give beer its distinctive taste are harvested only when their flavor is at its best.



**Pure clear water—**pure as the finest spring water—and brewing equipment kept absolutely spotless to maintain that purity.

**Important minerals—**including certain basic elements our bodies use up every day—are among the natural ingredients of beer.



**The way it "belongs"** with the friendly informality that's so much a part of American life. No wonder beer and ale are traditionally considered *beverages of moderation.*

***Beer Belongs—Enjoy It!*** *America's Beverage of Moderation*





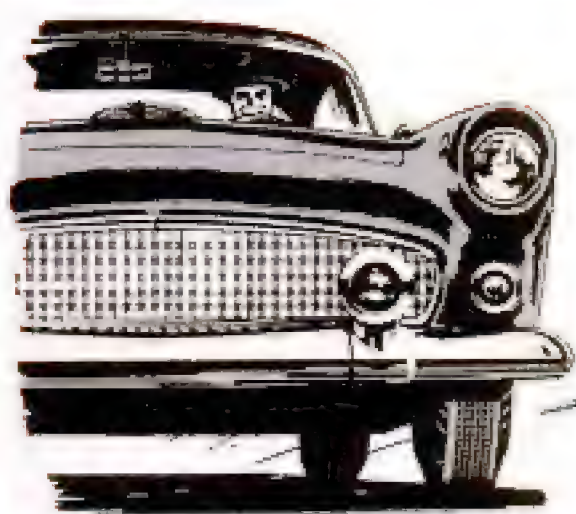


CAROL OHMART SITS LIKE A SPHINX, HALF BURIED IN THE SAND AT MALIBU BEACH, AS PART OF HER BUILD-UP TO BECOME A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STAR

## A Svelte Sphinx in Malibu Sands

Looking around for new star material, Paramount recently picked out a young Broadway understudy and TV actress named Carol Ohmart and tested her for its coming movie *Too Late, My Love*. Carol passed the test handsomely and was promptly put through the tiring but necessary procedures of building up a star which included having plenty of pictures taken. When Carol let drop the fact that she is 1/16th Egyptian, the cameramen saw a chance to take something different. They hustled Carol to the beach and shot her as a sphinx, complete with inscrutable smile.





Make  
**EVERY** Octane Count  
In Your Gasoline

# Get **HIGHEST** **OCTANE** **PERFORMANCE**

with...



*Veedol 10-30 steps up engine power in any car . . . cuts down the octane-robbing carbon deposits built up by many motor oils . . . adds octanes for smoother anti-knock performance. With less engine drag you get quicker, easier starts—longer battery life . . . up to 40 extra miles per tankful of gasoline. Ask for Veedol 10-30, the world's most famous motor oil!*



**TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY**  
SAN FRANCISCO • TULSA • HOUSTON • NEW YORK

NEW SPHINX CONTINUED



CAROL BRINGS UP REAR OF SAFARI TO MALIBU BEACH WHERE CAMERAMAN



CROUCHING IN TENT WHICH HAS BEEN RIGGED UP AS A DRESSING ROOM,



BODY MAKE-UP is applied to Carol, who lifts up headdress to keep it out of the way.



BURIAL RITES for picture on the previous page are completed by Fraker and assistant.





BUD FRAKER (RIGHT) AND ASSISTANTS WILL PUT HER THROUGH PACES



SHE PUTS ON LIPSTICK BEFORE VENTURING INTO SUN TO FACE CAMERA



CONTINUED

When the **TAN** you want  
begins to **BURN**...



Get **RELIEF** with  
**Bactine**<sup>®</sup>  
BRAND

You'll say, "It's wonderful" when you use BACTINE to cool and soothe your sunburn. BACTINE actually *relieves pain*... takes out the hot, fiery distress of sunburn. Try it! Keep a bottle of wonderful BACTINE within easy reach this summer as effective **FIRST AID** in dozens of ways!

Use BACTINE also to relieve the itching of mosquito and other insect bites. You and the children will welcome BACTINE too for cuts and scratches, because it doesn't STING. Crystal-clear, not greasy. Doesn't stain skin or clothing.

At all Drug Stores... 3 convenient sizes



**YOU'VE NEVER USED ANYTHING LIKE Bactine**

BACTINE is made exclusively and patented by Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of ALKA-SELTZER. Ideal for many everyday uses. BACTINE is effective for the itching of insect bites and poison ivy... for first aid for cuts, scratches, abrasions, burns. Many other uses as listed on printed folder in package.

**NOTE TO PHYSICIANS**—BACTINE is more than a quaternary. While BACTINE is an active germicide, additional fields of effectiveness make it unique among antiseptics. Write Dept. 3L for professional booklet containing basic research and clinical data.

**MILES LABORATORIES, INC. • ELKHART, INDIANA**



THE **SMART LOOK** IS THE  
**BRYLCREEM** LOOK!



Instantly, Brylcreem improves your appearance. With the first application, your hair looks richer, healthier—more attractive! It's not greasy, not messy—*really* not greasy not messy; keeps your hair in place all day, looking soft and natural.

Brylcreem also *conditions* as it grooms . . . with massage relieves dryness and loose dandruff; leaves your hair and scalp clean, fresh, healthy-looking. So—try Brylcreem today. See how it keeps your hair lustrous and immaculate all day long. You'll soon discover why it's the world's largest selling hair dressing . . . why men buy over 50,000,000 packages a year! In tubes and jars—at drug counters everywhere!

the world's largest selling hair-dressing



the rich cream that's

**Not Greasy-Not Messy!**

NEW SPHINX CONTINUED

**SHE HAS WARDROBE WOES**



**SHE WIGGLES** into her dress while buying clothes at Bullock's. The dress was very tight and the bow, which Bud Fraker helps fix, would not stay put.



**SHE ZIPS** into snug treader pants at studio, growing weary from changing into 12 different costumes as part of her performance for the still cameraman.



# The New PACKARD

WITH TORSION-LEVEL RIDE



THE NEW PACKARD 'FOUR HUNDRED'—"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

## Greatest Ride Development in Automotive History

**P**RIDE OF possession—a gleam in the owner's eye . . . ardent admiration—a gleam in *other* eyes . . . this is the impression the *new* Packard is making on owner and onlooker, alike!


Packard engineers, in common with Packard designers, had exclusiveness as their objective. For *only* Packard has Torsion-Level Ride which eliminates coil and leaf springs . . . smooths the road . . . levels the load—*automatically!* In other cars the twisting forces of wheel shock are sent to the frame, creating pitch and bounce

and wracking of the frame and body. In Packard, these same forces are transmitted along the new suspension system and absorbed *before* they reach frame or passengers. And an ingenious power-controlled levelizer keeps the *new* Packard always at "flight-level" regardless of load.

Packard owners can be proud of more than the ride. A new "free-breathing" V-8 engine, 275 horsepower in the Caribbean, 260 in all other models, delivers more driving force to the rear wheels, at all road speeds, than any other

American passenger car engine. And new Packard Twin Ultramatic is the smoothest, most alert of all automatic transmissions.

Gracefully contoured and luxuriously appointed, here is the *one* new car in the fine car field. Your Packard dealer will be happy to place the keys to a *new* Packard at your disposal . . . drive it and *let the ride decide!*

**Take the Key  and See**

PACKARD DIVISION • STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORP.



# LINGERING GLOW

## BRIGHT COLOR, BIG NOISE



**SPARKLERS** twirl in bright circles in a county park at Arcadia, Calif., a Los Angeles suburb. Safer

than most types of fireworks, a sparkler burns with fierce and satisfying brilliance for about a minute.



**CASCADE FOUNTAIN** erupts grandly on the park grass as twilight deepens and the display pieces

are started. A mixture of aluminum flakes and powder gives the cascade its brilliant white light.



**FIRE POTS** splash rosy light on the picnickers, many of whom came from Los Angeles, where all

fireworks are banned. These torches, which give so poetic a light, burn chemicals used in railroad flares.







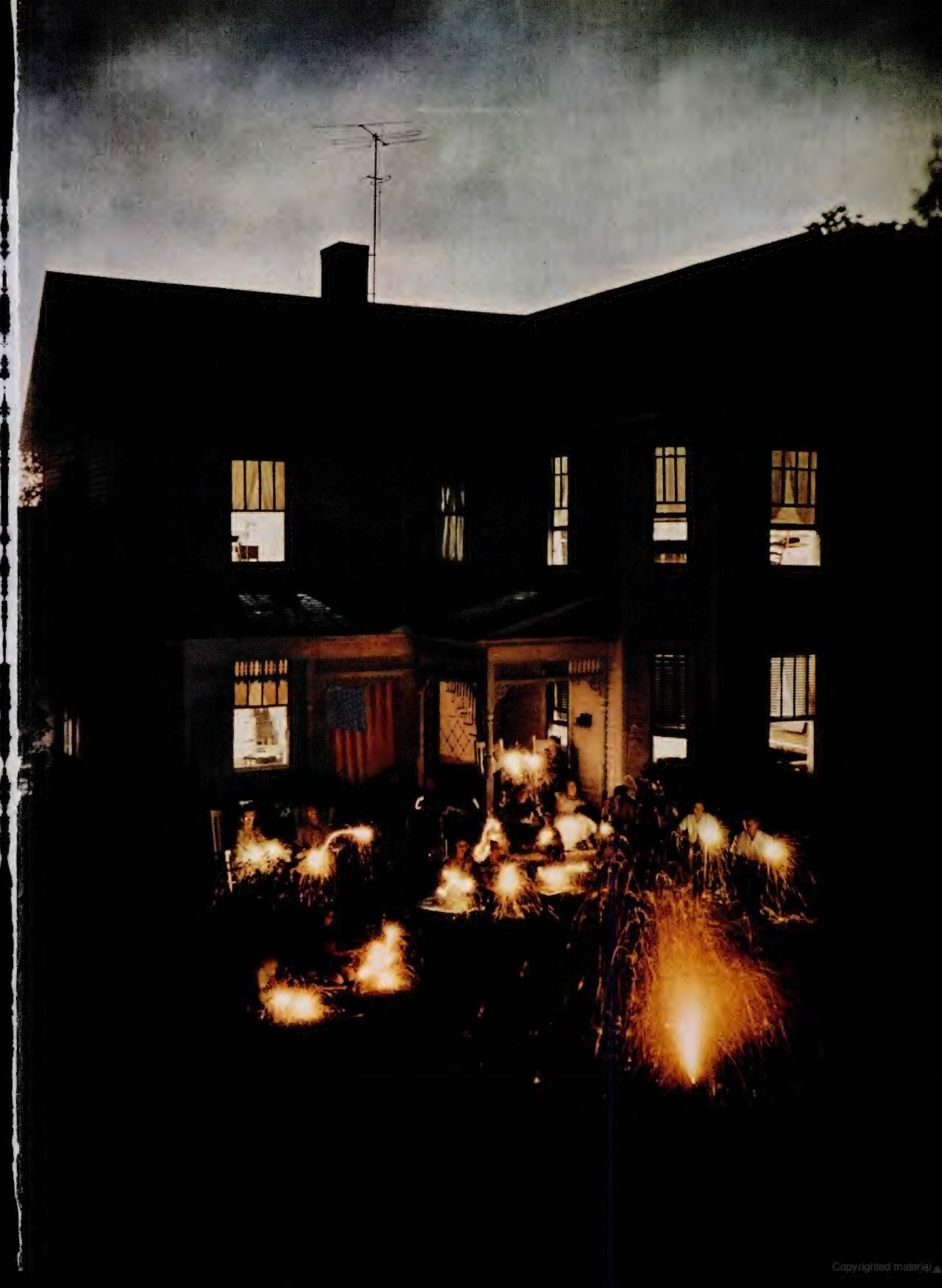
# FIERY STREAKS, SPARKLING SPRAYS



**BLAZING THROUGH THE AIR**, gorgeous fireballs spew from Roman candles during family reunion on the Daughenbaugh homestead near Rapid City, S. Dak.

**SHOWERING THE LAWN**, sparklers and a base fountain glitter at dusk as → young and old take part in Rawlins family's fireworks show in Lancaster, Texas.







# SUPER- PATENTED STICK



Now with **SUPER-STICK**. They stick better, protect better. Won't loosen in water.



# LAST FRONTIERS FOR FIREWORKS

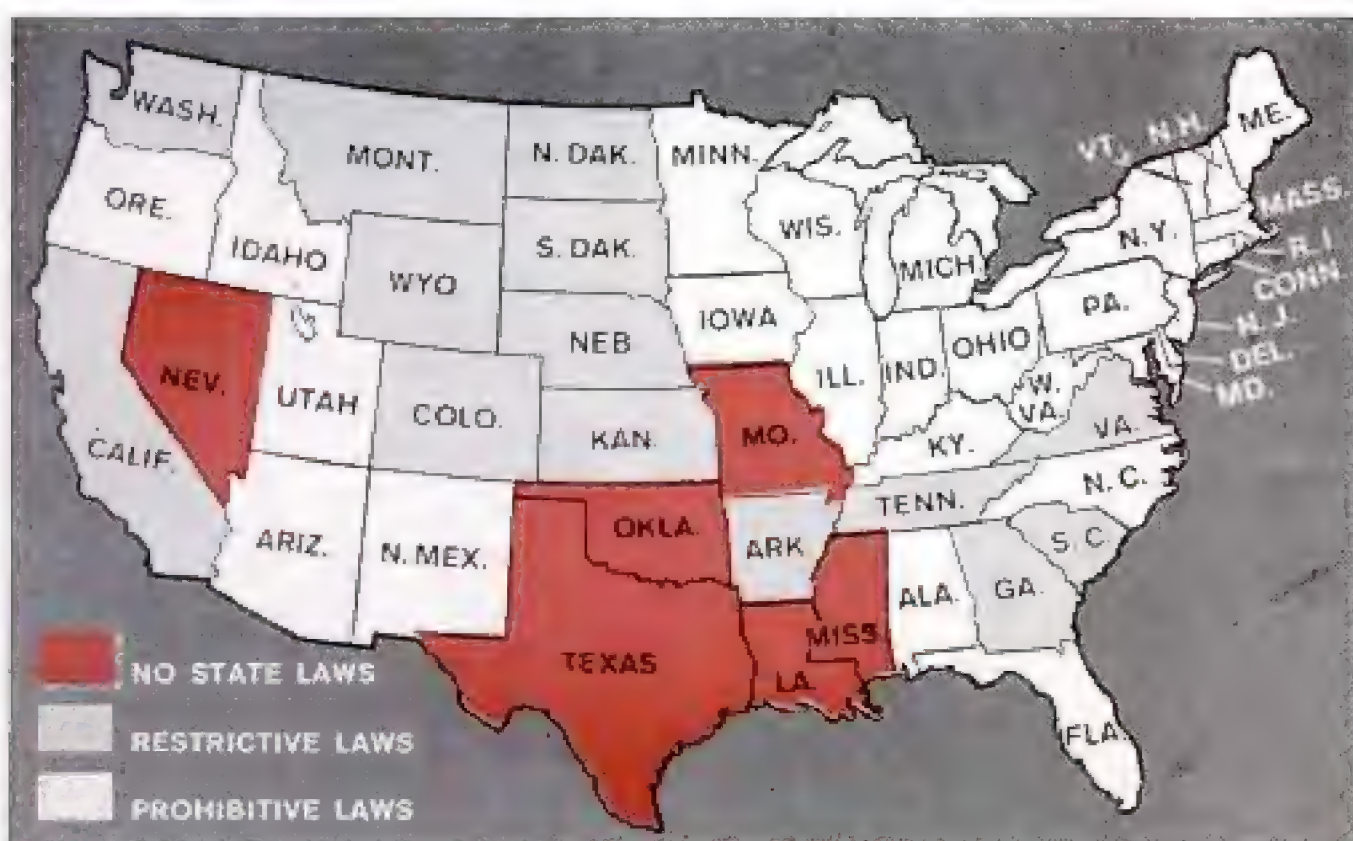
America had statutes on the books forbidding or controlling the use of fireworks before she had an independence to celebrate. A Rhode Island law of 1731 banned "the unnecessary firing of Guns, Pistols, Squibs [firecrackers] or other Fire-Works." Pennsylvania adopted a similar law in 1751.

These statutes apparently went unnoticed by an ecstatic John Adams who, on July 3, 1776, the day after the Continental Congress had passed a resolution proclaiming the freedom of the 13 colonies, wrote from Philadelphia to his wife Abigail in Massachusetts: "The . . . day . . . will be celebrated by succeeding generations . . . with pomp and parade . . . guns . . . bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore." As it developed, America chose to ignore the July 2nd anniversary and celebrate on the 4th, the day of formal adoption of the Declaration of Independence. Otherwise Adams predicted accurately, and for over a century and three quarters Americans have observed the day with pomp, parades, pageantry and fireworks.

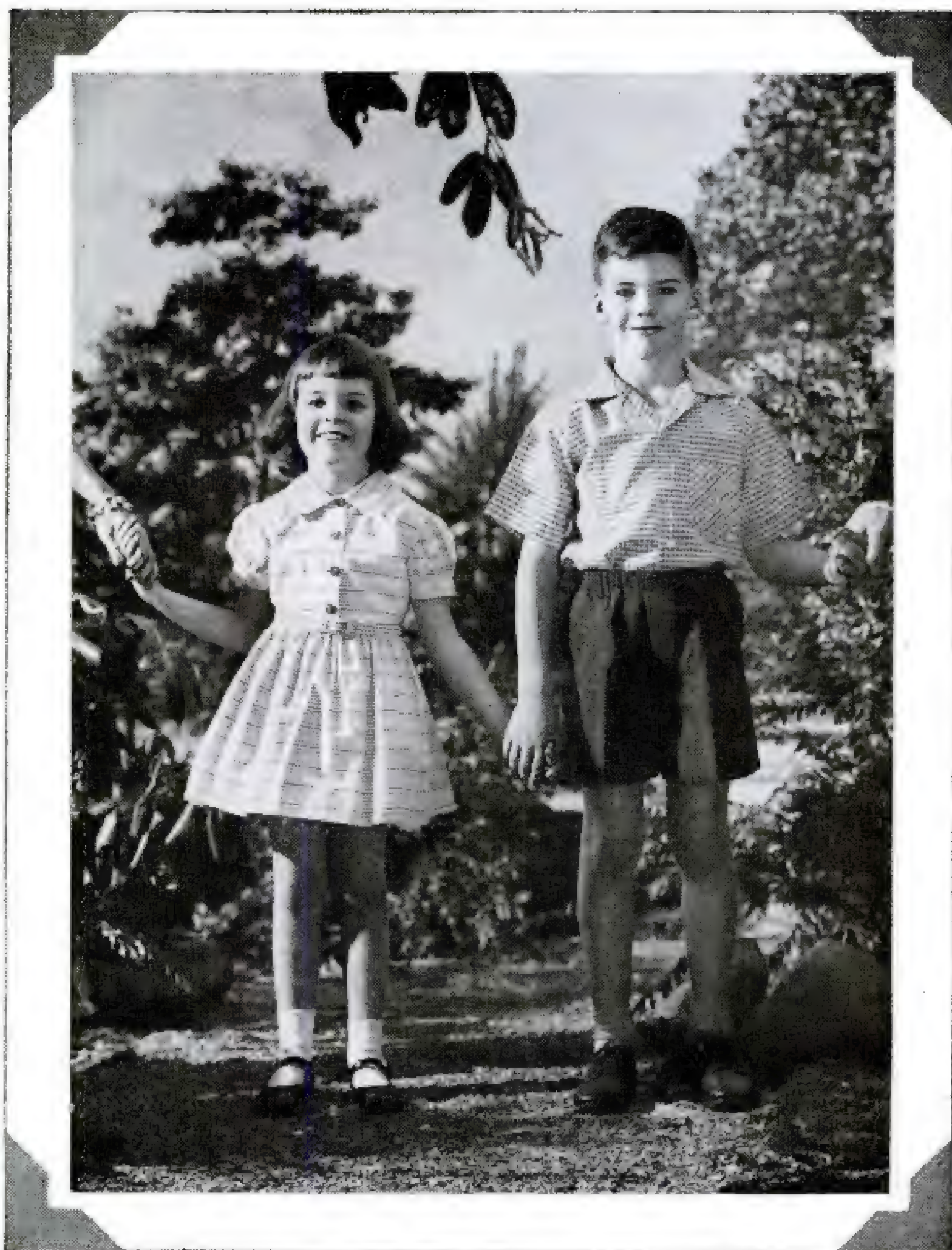
The art of pyrotechnics, which goes back to antiquity, entered into its American golden age in the 1880s, and with its coming there was a disturbing development. As the zeal for Independence Day fireworks mounted, so did annual casualty figures. Carnage became so appalling that the American Medical Association in 1903 began compiling statistics. In 1909 the Fourth's fireworks toll was 215 killed and 5,092 injured—considerably less than the 348 killed and many thousands injured in auto accidents over the Fourth in 1954. Newspapers raised an outcry and were joined by civic organizations.

Many cities responded by passing antifireworks ordinances. However, such laws were easier passed than enforced, and in the early 1930s, with casualties still high, the campaign was renewed. In 1937 a model state fireworks law, based upon statutes that had proved effective in Iowa, Michigan and New Jersey, was drafted by the National Fire Protection Association. Its provisions would make illegal the sale for retail use or the explosion of fireworks and would permit only supervised public displays as authorized by a state fire marshal or local fire chief. In 1939 four states adopted variations of the model law and two years later five more followed suit. The movement continued through the 1940s and by 1953 the total number stood at 28. In addition 14 states and the District of Columbia limit fireworks used by individuals to the so-called "safe and sane" types, such as nonexplosive fire pots. Of the 48 only six states (*see below*) have adopted no prohibitions or restrictions, but even in these there is much local prohibition.

The problem of enforcement is still difficult. In the prohibition states there are clandestine sales, and children for years have been able to obtain many types of fireworks by ordering through comic book and magazine advertisements from out-of-state suppliers. But last year this legal loophole was closed when Congress, at the behest of state and local law enforcement agencies, enacted legislation prohibiting the shipment of fireworks into any state which has a ban.



THE LEGAL SITUATION of fireworks today is shown on the map. In the states shaded red there are no state statutes, although many communities within them have enacted their own bans. The states shaded gray permit "safe and sane" varieties subject to local option. The others ban fireworks.



**Even when you are away  
you can be close to them**

**...by Long Distance**

One of the fine things about a Long Distance call is the way it helps keep the family together.

Just by picking up the telephone you can be in touch with those you love. It's easy to do. And the cost is small. Isn't there someone you'd like to call right now?

## LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

New York to Philadelphia.....	40¢
Cincinnati to St. Louis.....	75¢
Boston to Baltimore.....	85¢
Atlanta to Cleveland.....	\$1.00
San Francisco to Denver.....	\$1.35

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

**Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.**

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM







Your voice of wisdom says **SMOKE KENT**

Remember: KENT and only KENT goes to the extra expense  
to give you the exclusive, scientific Micronite Filter.



You owe it to yourself to find out why KENT smokers tell us: "*I haven't enjoyed my cigarettes so much in years!*"

That's because KENT starts with a custom blend of rich flavor-first tobacco—and then goes to the extra expense to give you the scientific Micronite Filter, *the filter that removes so much of the nicotine and tars.*

KENT's Micronite Filter can do that, because it contains a substance scientifically developed and thoroughly tested, for use in industrial plants and other places where the air must be free from even minute particles.

Result: The *cleanest-tasting, freshest-tasting, all-day* cigarette you've ever known!



*King Size or Regular  
both same price*

**KENT** *the only cigarette with the Micronite Filter*



# SERPENT HUNT IN ARCHIVES

**Egypt calls in snake charmers  
to rid finance files of reptiles**

That snakes lurk everywhere in government archives is a truism well known to tax evaders. In Cairo's Ministry of Finance this was taken only as a figure of speech up until the morning a sputtering night porter suddenly threatened to resign because of snakes in the files. The porter insisted he had seen 50 feet of a serpent and there was more of it extending around a corner and vanishing among old financial records. Once that word got around the building, civil servants recoiled from their tasks and the governmental machinery began slowing down.

The ministry called in Yassin Eldaw, a Sudanese snake charmer who had practiced in the Cairo zoo. Eldaw climbed around the dusty records, peered behind files, stuck his arm into holes where snakes might be and failed to find a single one. "It is my opinion," he concluded, "that there is no snake. I think instead it was an evil spirit which took the form of a snake to scare the porter."

Eldaw offered to exorcise the evil spirit, but instead the ministry sent for more charmers. They went through an involved hocus-pocus of rubbing hands over floor, books, smelling their hands and following a trail. To see what was upsetting Egypt's finance, turn the page.

CONTINUED



**LOOKING HIGH,** Yassin Eldaw is poised spread-eagled in the stacks, searching for signs of the snake.



**LOOKING LOW,** Eldaw pokes his arm into a hole under the shelves where he thinks snake might lurk.

**GOING ALOFT AGAIN,** the agile serpent-sleuth climbs about in search that went on for long hours.



AT HUNT'S END ELDAW REPORTS NO SIGN OF SNAKE BUT PLENTY OF SIGNS OF EVIL SPIRITS →



and *NOW*...His  
Happiest  
Motion Picture!

# WALT DISNEY'S *Lady AND THE Tramp*

Lady, pretty, prim and proper... Tramp, a dashing, raffish rogue with a sunny disposition and a shady past. They will break your heart one minute... warm it the next... and before you know it—have you rocking with laughter. Gay and happy, it's the most entertaining motion picture Walt Disney ever made!

From the novel  
by Ward Greene



The *FIRST* all-cartoon feature in  
**CINEMASCOPE**

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

♪ with the *Happiest* songs of all ♪

You'll be singing them for years to come!

He's A Tramp • The Siamese Cat Song • Bella Notte • La La Lu • Peace on Earth

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Serpent Hunt CONTINUED

## FINDING THE SLITHERY FACTS



**THE FIRST FIND** came when the Tolba family, professional snake charmers who replaced Eldaw, followed a trail and pulled this snake from the stacks.



**VIGOROUS HUNTING**, lasting two days, brought more snakes to light as old records were shoved aside to open up the shelving for better inspection.



**THE TOTAL BAG**, 12 nonpoisonous and pretty puny serpents, proved the finance ministry's porter was right about the snakes but a poor judge of size.





## "Beat the Heat with My SnowCrop Treat!

...best lemonade you ever tasted—and you save money, too!"

"Sure as my name's Teddy Snow Crop, your family *and* your budget will *love* Snow Crop Lemonade. You get the rich, Vitamin C-packed juice of *five full lemons* in every can! Think of it —with Snow Crop Lemonade you get 40 per

cent *more* lemonade for your money than if you squeezed lemons at home! Twice as economical as sugar-loaded 'pops,' too, and far better for your family's health. It's lemonade time—so get plenty of Snow Crop Lemonade today!"



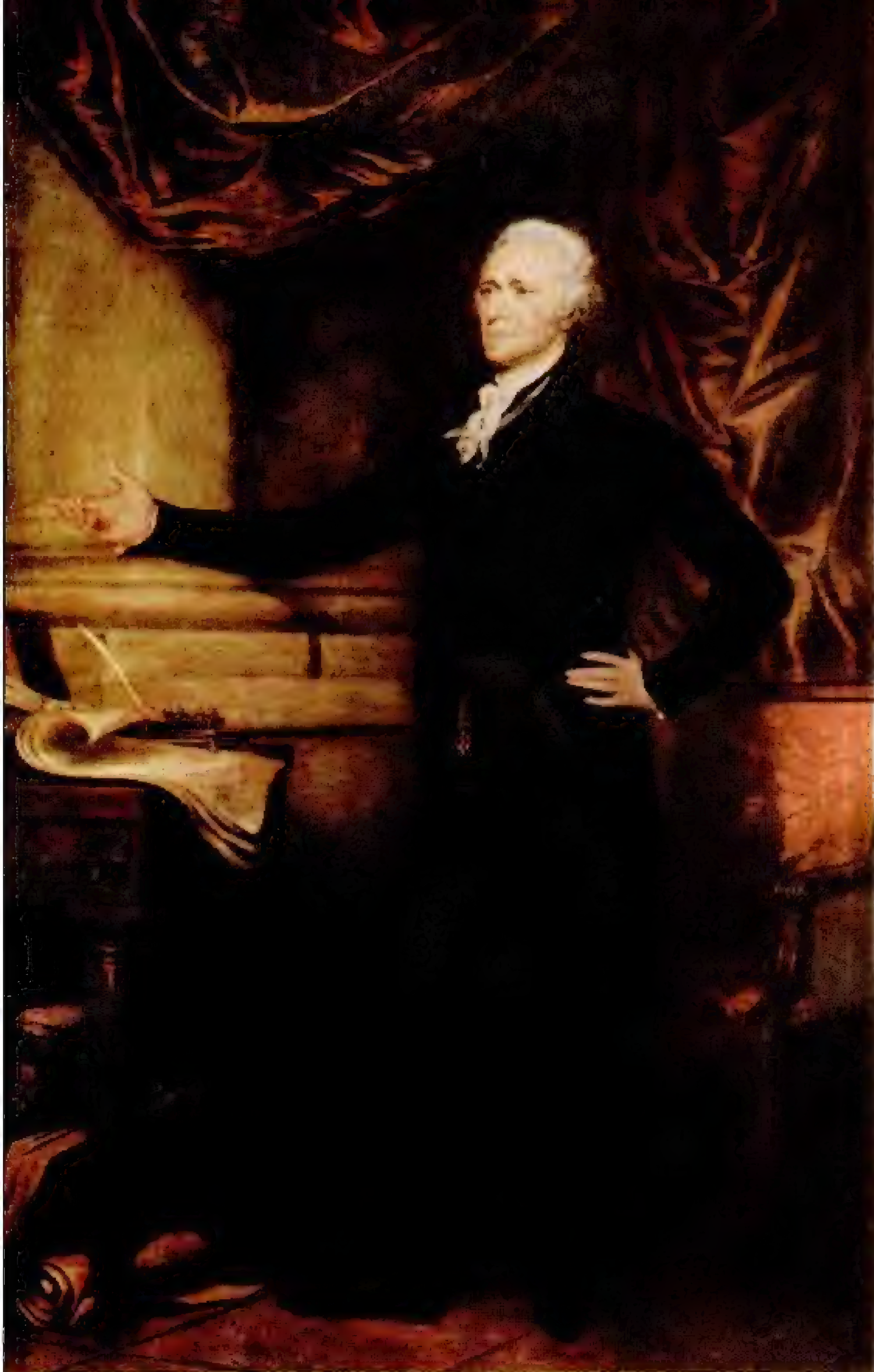


# Men Who

## IN 16 WEEKS THEY CREATED

On July 4, 1787, the delegates to the Federal Convention in Philadelphia took an all-day recess to celebrate their country's 11th birthday. After watching soldiers drill, drinking some toasts, listening to an orator, the Founding Fathers went back to work. It took them, in all, 16 weeks and three days to write a constitution which has endured for 166 years.

The Americans had come out of their revolution with plenty of freedom and almost no government. The first step toward an effective Union was the Mount Vernon compact of 1785, in which Virginia and Maryland agreed to stop bickering over control of the Potomac River. The next



COURTESY ART COMMISSION, CITY OF NEW YORK

### THE PRIME MOVER

The Founding Father who did most to get the Federal Convention called was Alexander Hamilton, then only 32. In debate he prodded the delegates to set up a really strong central government. He suggested that they wipe out state lines and elect a lifetime President. Although outvoted on these particular issues, he defended the Constitution brilliantly in his *Federalist* essays and secured its adoption almost singlehandedly in New York State.



BOWDOIN COLLEGE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS



### THE POLITICAL THEORIST

← The science of government, ancient and modern, was the specialty of James Madison, 36 (at left), who teamed with Hamilton to demand a strong Federal union. He drafted the so-called "Virginia Plan" which gave the Constitution its three-part form (executive, judicial and legislative) and its famous system of checks and balances. A shy orator who sometimes spoke from notes held in his hat, Madison also made a systematic record of what the other delegates said.



# United the United States

## THE CONSTITUTION THAT HAS WORKED FOR 166 YEARS

year several more states attended a conference on trade. There Alexander Hamilton, one of the delegates, argued that this problem could not be settled without considering "other important matters." He persuaded the others to recommend a convention of all the states for that purpose.

The Federal Convention which resulted was the most brilliant political assembly ever held in America. Though Rhode Island stayed away, the other 12 states sent the best men they had available. The delegates disagreed hotly on most issues and their completed Constitution was a bundle of compromises. But it solved magnificently the basic problem:

how to transform an alliance of 13 jealous states into a durable nation.

On Sept. 17, as they adjourned, the Founding Fathers directed that General George Washington should retain their secret journal and other records "subject to the order of Congress, if ever formed under the Constitution." The three words "if ever formed" show how close the U.S. was to breaking up at its beginning. It was saved by the cool realism and massive determination of the men who wrote the Constitution, and who then played masterful politics to bring about its adoption. In less than a year 11 states ratified it, and the United States had really become united.



THE FOUNDING FATHERS AT THE FEDERAL CONVENTION

INDEPENDENCE HALL COLLECTION

The delegates are depicted in a painting by Thomas Prichard Rossiter which was started around 1850 but never finished. Only three of the faces are recognizable: Benjamin Franklin (seated second from left), George Washington (in president's chair) and Gouverneur Morris (seated third from right). The boy on the floor is a forerunner of the congressional pages of today. The curtained window at rear left is a realistic touch. The delegates sat behind closed windows and

guarded doors through a sultry Philadelphia summer to prevent the newspapers from reporting their debates. Although most of the faces shown above are imaginary, the impression they convey is accurate. The average Founding Father was 44 years old and many were veterans of the recent Revolution. Some of the leaders, like Hamilton and Madison, were much younger. The U.S. Constitution was the work of men who were at the peak of their mental and physical vigor.

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#### PRESIDING OFFICER

In the chair at the Federal Convention sat General George Washington, 55. As commander in chief he had seen how futile the revolutionary Congress was. He did not fear a strong government, he said. "But I have many [fears] and powerful ones . . . from a half-starved, limping government, that appears to be always moving upon crutches, and tottering at every step." Though he could not engage in debate, in private talk his influence was weighty.





MEETING PLACE

The Founding Fathers convened in Philadelphia's red brick State House (*above*) where the Declaration of Independence was also adopted and signed. This 1799 engraving by William Birch shows a party of sightseeing Indians.

MARKET PLACE

Well known to the Fathers was the intersection of Second and High Streets (*below*), four blocks from the State House. Some delegates attended Christ Church (*spire in background*). The city building at left housed butchers' stalls.







THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

#### TOUCH ARISTOCRAT

Gouverneur Morris, 35, of Pennsylvania, who led all the Fathers in speechmaking, wanted the government to be controlled by aristocrats like himself. "Give the votes to the people who have no property and they will sell them to the rich," he argued. But it was Morris who inserted in the final draft of the Constitution its famous opening words—"*We the people* of the United States . . ."



THE EVERGREEN HOUSE FOUNDATION, BALTIMORE

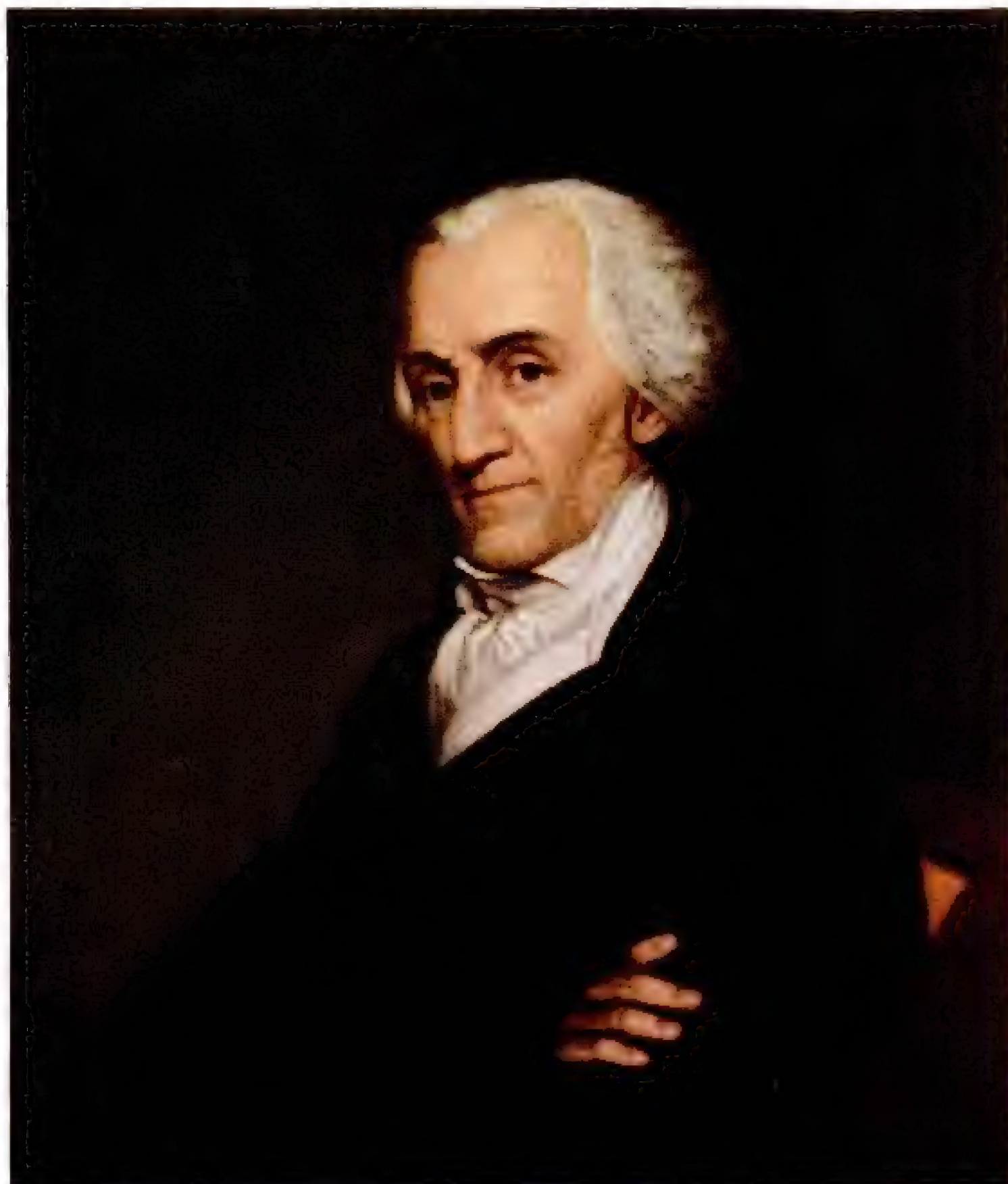
#### TROUBLEMAKER

Luther Martin, 39, of Maryland, exhausted the delegates with his filibustering tirades. He arrived late at Philadelphia and suspected a conspiracy on the part of the big states to rob the smaller states of their rights. Martin made one of the most vital motions of the Convention: that Federal treaties should be supreme over state and local laws. But in the end he would not sign the Constitution.



#### STUBBORN LIBERAL

George Mason, 62, author of Virginia's 1776 Constitution, suggested to the convention the scheme for dual Federal and state sovereignty which is basic to the American system. But when he tried to abolish the "nefarious" slave trade and to include a declaration of personal rights in the Constitution, he was voted down. He refused to sign the document—"I would sooner chop off my right hand," he said. But he won a great victory later when his Bill of Rights idea was written in as the first 10 amendments.



INDEPENDENCE HALL COLLECTION

#### BUSINESS SPOKESMAN

Elbridge Gerry, 43, of Massachusetts, was the author of the presidential veto clause. He also proposed that senators be elected by the state legislatures, to better represent "the commercial and monied interest" of the country. This was agreed to. But his suggestions to limit the U.S. Army forever to 2,000 or 3,000 men and to have the President elected by state governors were knocked down. Gerry changed his opinions often and he thought the Constitution would never be adopted by the states. So he declined to sign it.





U.S. DISTRICT COURT, PHILADELPHIA

### LEGAL LUMINARY

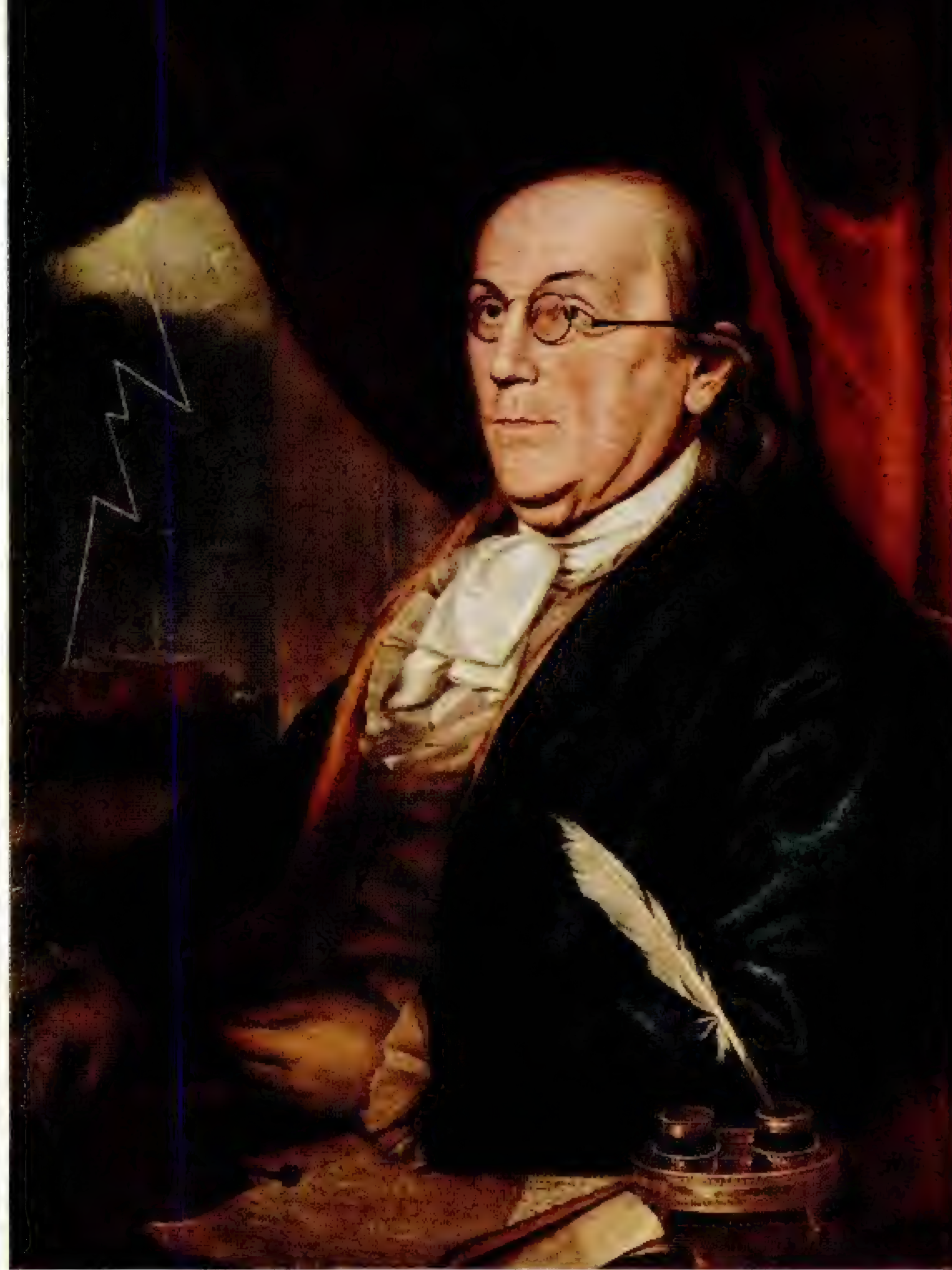
James Wilson, 45, of Pennsylvania, made the motion which placed the executive power of the U.S. in the hands of a single person. Most of the Fathers were against this at first, fearing the President would become a king. A friend of expansion and popular rule, Wilson battled delegates like Morris who wanted to exclude from any share in the government any states but the original 13. Wilson was one of the first Americans to envision the nation stretching across "a great and valuable portion of the globe."



YALE UNIVERSITY ART LIBRARY

### YANKEE SAGE

Roger Sherman, 66, a onetime Connecticut shoemaker and judge, was the only man who signed all the great Revolutionary documents: the 1774 Articles of Association, the 1776 Declaration of Independence, the 1777 Articles of Confederation and the 1787 Constitution. To the latter he contributed the famous "Connecticut Compromise" which made the whole scheme politically successful. This provided a Senate in which all the states were equal and a House which was elected on the basis of population.



COLLECTION OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA

### SENIOR STATESMAN

Benjamin Franklin, 81, was the convention's great pacifier. When delegates grew violent, he soothed them with jokes. Talking about the Supreme Court, he suggested its judges be named by lawyers, for they would choose the best "in order to get rid of him and share his practice among themselves." An advocate of compromise, he helped draft clause which set up our present two-house Congress.



PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PORTRAIT

### STATES' RICHTER

William Paterson, 42, declared New Jersey would never submit to Madison's plan of government which gave the more populous states a larger vote in Congress. He proposed his own "small state" plan which was also backed by Delaware, Connecticut and New York. It gave each state an equal vote in Congress. When this idea was partly adopted in Sherman's compromise Paterson signed the Constitution.

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WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY

### A STRONG VOICE IN VIRGINIA

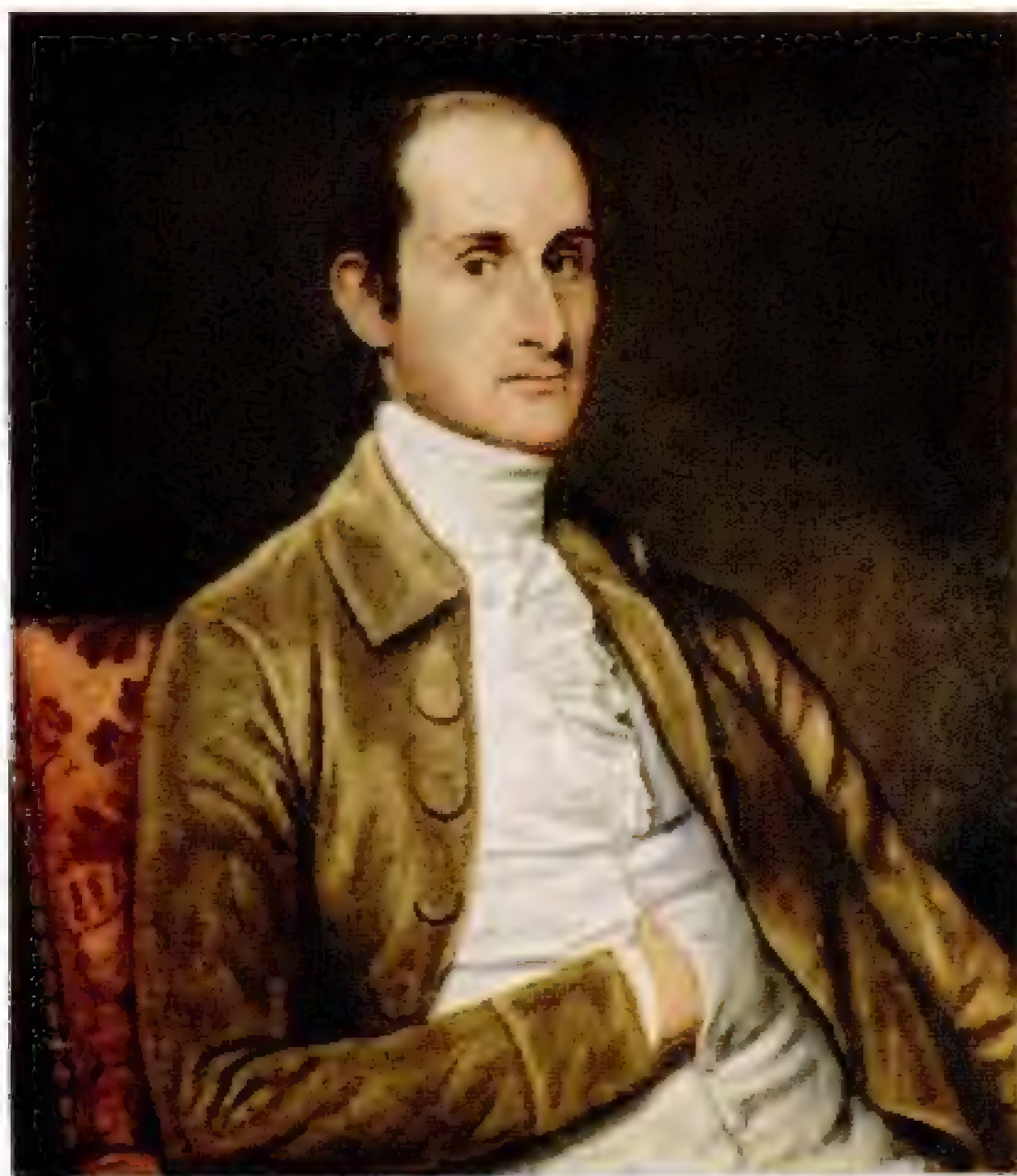
Some men, like those on this page, were not at the Federal Convention but still were enormously influential in shaping the Constitution. John Marshall (*above*) fought hard to have the Constitution ratified in Virginia. Later, as Chief Justice, he wrote the decisions which established our system of constitutional law.

### A WATCHFUL EYE FROM PARIS

Thomas Jefferson (*right*), minister to France, kept up an exchange of letters with Madison in Philadelphia. Jefferson (who in this portrait stands in front of the Virginia Natural Bridge) praised the Founding Fathers as "an assembly of demigods." But he also insisted that the Constitution include a Bill of Rights.



LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, DONOR ALLAN P. KIRBY



THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

### A HELPING HAND IN NEW YORK

John Jay, a staunch friend of strong government, could not attend the Federal Convention because he was Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the existing Continental Congress. But he wrote the five *Federalist* papers on international relations and helped Hamilton push New York into ratifying the Constitution.

### A USEFUL PEN IN LONDON

John Adams (*right*), pictured here in all his silk-stockinged splendor as minister to England, tried to establish normal trade with the old country. But he was frustrated by British officials who predicted America would soon fly apart in anarchy. So Adams wrote several effective pleas for a stronger government.



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# A WAR HERO TURNED ACTOR ACTS HIMSELF AS HERO

Audie Murphy's combat know-how produces fine realism

No Hollywood hero has ever had so much technical say-so about a film as Audie Murphy had in U-I's *To Hell and Back*. But in this one Audie is no mere actor. Playing himself, the most decorated soldier of World War II, Murphy also advised on script, action, settings, props, costumes. The result is the most desolately effective infantry combat footage to be filmed since the Army Signal Corps recorded the real thing. Below, Audie re-creates the action at Colmar that won him the Medal of Honor—described, with other Murphy exploits, on the next page.





Distance shots?



Action shots?



Close ups?



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There are many other Sylvania Flashbulbs, of course, for special purposes; but Press 25 is the all-purpose flashbulb. Makes crisp, clear snapshots at any distance with simple, fixed-focus cameras and ordinary black-and-white film. (25B for outdoor color film.)

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War Hero CONTINUED



## COLMAR

Alone atop burning tank at Holtzwihr (see p. 67), Lieutenant Murphy holds off an attack by two German infantry companies reinforced by five tanks.







## VOLTURNO

Corporal Murphy waves platoon into attack in re-enactment of the Volturno crossing. He took command when sergeant was killed and officer wounded.

## ANZIO

In Anzio beachhead scene, Sergeant Murphy (left of signpost) leads a machine-gun crew to cover withdrawal of G.I. squad from an embattled farmhouse.



CONTINUED

## FOR HOT WEATHER

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EXTRA-EFFECTIVE  
REFRESHING  
GOES ON DRY!

- Underarms are absolutely dry in seconds—*stay dry!*
- Stops perspiration odor
- Unique new formula contains no acid—nothing to stop skin's natural "breathing"
- Cooling—glides over skin!

It's this summer's sensation! New Fresh Stick Deodorant! Goes on dry—without a trace of greasiness... without a drop of moisture. Non-acid! Contains nothing to stop skin's natural "breathing."

*Yet Fresh Stick is extra-effective. It won't wear off when you bake on the beach—under the hottest summer sun.*

You're protected—all day—even when the mercury soars to 90°. No danger of offending even after hours in swimming.

### Refreshing! Cooling!

Fresh Stick feels refreshing as a morning shower... and leaves skin invigorated.

No greasy fingers!  
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Glides on—smooth as silk.



Handy plastic push-up tube holds stick. Your fingers never touch it. Fresh Stick is so neat—why bother with messy liquids or creams!

Fresh Stick has a light, clear fragrance, too. A clean—fresh bouquet.

**No heavy masking perfume! No strong odor to linger about you!**

Think of it! Extra-effective protection without any deodorant unpleasantness! Use new Fresh Stick every day.

*"Won't spill or leak—ideal for travel,"*

say vacationers everywhere.



*"The perfect size to tuck in my toilet kit. No messiness when you use Fresh Stick,"* says Mrs. D. C. Bartindale, New York.



*"Fresh Stick protects me all through my busy tourist days—no matter how hot or rushed I am,"* says Miss Shirley Morningstar, Mich.



*"The air-traveler's dream,"* says Miss Jeanne Smith, Mississippi. *"Won't leak. Fresh Stick goes on dry. So speedy. So easy to use."*

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## GRIEF AND ITS HEROIC SEQUEL

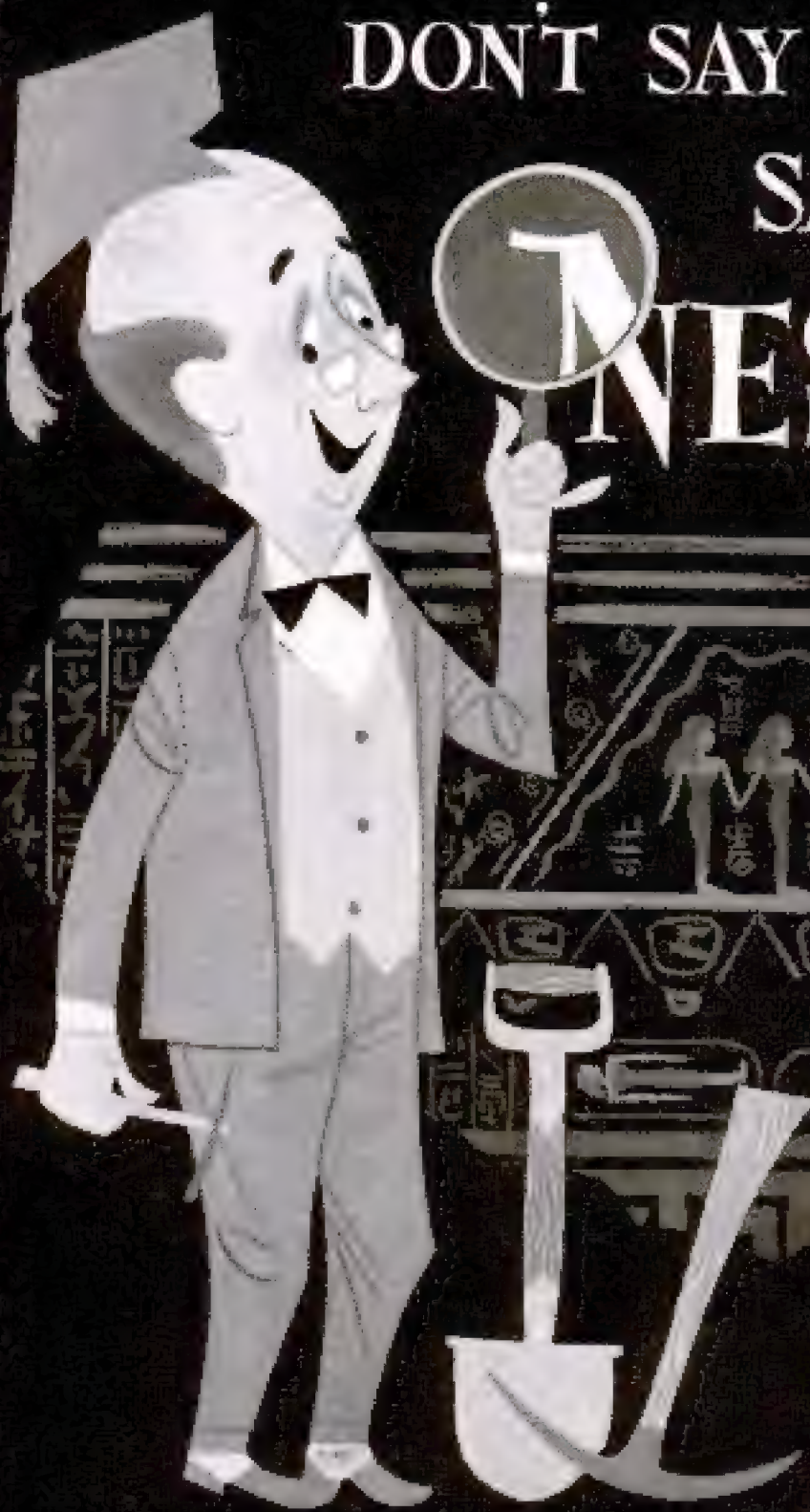


**SITTING HEARTBROKEN.** Audie mourns a friend killed just after D-Day in southern France. Only two of original company of 235 were left at war's end.



**ATTACKING IN ANGER** after friend's death, Murphy singlehandedly wipes out an entire German position, using captured gun. For this he won the DSC.

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Ask for NESBITT'S by name. Look for this distinctive carton and take home 6 bottles today.



a soft drink  
made from *real* oranges





# Who goofed?



It's enough to wither the flower in a man's lapel to discover that his household is among those that ran out of Kellogg's Corn Flakes this morning. (Fact is, more families run out of 'em every morning than of any other cereal, because this great, good grain food just naturally tastes best to more people. Always has. Still does.) Of course, many women were prepared. They pick up a spare package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes every time they buy any cereal of any kind. Why don't you—or do you?

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# Fast Millions from Fast Deals

## CAMERON HAWLEY'S 'CASH McCALL' PORTRAYS MONEY MEN OF NEW ERA

In the history of American finance, three great eras of business mergers stand out. The first was the era of industrial consolidation when men built huge monopolies and the most durable American fortunes. The second was the era of the 1920s when financiers and promoters created holding companies to take over businesses and still bigger holding companies to take over the holding companies—until the boom and the paper fortunes collapsed. Today the U.S. is in a third great era—the time of the tax-loss merger, the capital gains deal, the fast-buck men.

It is this exciting situation which provides the setting and the theme for a new novel about American business, which LIFE excerpts on the following pages: *Cash McCall*, by Cameron Hawley, author of *Executive Suite*.

Hawley's hero, Cash McCall, is one of the men who have discovered that it is still possible to start from scratch and, by buying and selling companies, to make millions and keep them, even in a day of high income taxes. Since 1945 there have been more than 7,000 mergers of U.S. businesses. Newspapers have been filled with accounts of

big companies acquiring smaller ones, of stockholders fighting off attempts of the merger men to move in.

Who are these men? What reasons impel them? What rules govern them?

They are men who take legitimate advantage of tax loss laws to turn an unsuccessful company's deficit into a desirable item for another company that might buy it. They take advantage of the capital gains provision to hold a company for six months before selling and thereby pay a maximum tax of 25% on their profit. They are the fast-buck men, the new American millionaires.

But the rules reach beyond tax and corporation law and into areas where there are no laws. Cash McCall, the spectacular young operator of Hawley's book, says, "I've tried to convince myself that it was wrong only when it was done in the wrong way. But what is the wrong way? Is it right if it's legal—and only wrong if it isn't?"

This is one of many questions that the fast-moving pattern of today's business forces upon the characters in this novel, as it involves each in a different way:



CASH McCALL



GRANT AUSTEN



LORY AUSTEN



GIL CLARK

CASH McCALL himself has become, while still a young man, a master of the merger and the capital gains deal. He has amassed a fortune by the shrewdly timed purchase of businesses built by other men, which he reorganizes efficiently and either sells for thumping profits or uses to pyramid new corporate structures.

GRANT AUSTEN, the aging boss of a company that becomes a McCall target, presents another kind of question: Why does a man spend his life laboriously building a company, and what does he do after he has built it?

LORY AUSTEN, Grant's daughter, stands between the man she loves, Cash McCall, and the father who has always leaned on her for advice and sympathy.

GIL CLARK, ambitious and idealistic, has considered the "operators" beneath contempt until he meets McCall.

WINSTON CONWAY, the brilliant corporation lawyer, must make sure that whatever McCall does it's all legal.

WILL ATHERSON, the staid Main Line banker, handles the financing end of McCall's deals.

All of these people, with all of these questions in their minds, are pulled into the biggest deal that Cash McCall has conceived. As he works out his scheme to use a small company as a lever to gain control of a huge one, he is reminded that companies, like all human institutions, are not parts of a machine but are people. And each of these people poses new questions bearing on the ways that men like Cash McCall make their money.

It is a theme that Cameron Hawley is uniquely qualified to handle. He spent 25 years learning about corporations and the people who run them as he rose to become an executive of the Armstrong Cork Co. Through many

of these years he successfully practiced the art of fiction. In 1952 he published *Executive Suite*, a penetrating appraisal of big business that combined acute knowledge of its subject with the sympathy that such knowledge brings. Hawley had shoved aside the hostile caricature that made up so much of our "business" literature to depict business as a meaningful and creative human activity.

From the pages of *Cash McCall*, to be published Nov. 7 by Houghton Mifflin Co., LIFE has selected the following scenes as those which most sharply highlight the people, problems and atmosphere of mid-20th-Century business that Cameron Hawley has dealt with so provocatively.



"All right," he said wearily.

Bronson entered almost immediately, his forced smile more ominous than a scowl. "Hate to break in on you like this, Mr. Austen, but—"

"Andscott?" Grant Austen asked, hoping to short-circuit one of Bronson's typically long-winded preambles. That was the trouble with these youngsters, they couldn't get to the point.

Bronson nodded. "Joe Keening called me a few minutes ago about molding their new television cabinet. I know you said last night that we weren't interested unless they were willing to—"

"We still aren't interested," Grant Austen snapped back. "Nobody would be crazy enough to go ahead on their kind of deal—a quarter of a million investment and no guarantee of volume."

"I'm afraid, sir, that someone *is* interested."

Grant Austen felt the choke of shock. "Who?"

"Heckledorf in Newark."

There was the tightening constriction of apprehension in Grant Austen's throat. "All right, let him have it. We've got enough Andscott business as it is, enough eggs in one basket."

"Afraid it isn't quite that simple, sir," Bronson said. "Heckledorf's made them a rough proposition. He'll go ahead and do what they want—put in that 2,500-ton press and give them their new cabinet—but for a pay-off he wants all of the rest of their business."

A plunging knife seemed to have cut through the control nerves of Grant Austen's body. He sat in mute paralysis, conscious that his face was betraying his weakness, yet momentarily unable to even tighten the slackness of his lips. More than half of the plant's capacity was now taken up by Andscott production. To lose all of that volume in one fell swoop would rip the very backbone out of the business. There was no place to turn for substitute orders that would come anywhere near making up the loss.

"Puts us in a difficult position, no doubt about that," Bronson said glumly.

"They're bluffing," Grant Austen slashed in.

Bronson shook his head. "I'm afraid not, sir."

"But they can't pull those jobs," he fought back. "They're our molds."

"Andscott owns the molds, Mr. Austen. They can do anything they want to do."

"But they're built for our presses. They'll have trouble. You know that as well as I do. Damn it, Bronson, why didn't you point that out to them?"

"They know they'll have trouble," Bronson said with quiet patience. "Joe remembers the headaches we had when we tried to use those tools they took over from Randall."

"Well then?"

"There's nothing Joe can do about it, sir. He's got his orders from the top. General Danvers has made up his mind they're going to get that new cabinet molded and that's all there is to it. If we won't do it, then they'll sign with Heckledorf."

Grant Austen sat, silent, trying to brush off the prickle of annoyance that had been raised by Bronson's patronizing patience. He knew what was coming . . . Bronson would ask him to change his mind . . . and what else could he do? He didn't dare lose the Andscott business, even if it meant doing the thing that he had sworn he would never do again. It would cost at least a quarter of a million dollars to buy a 2,500-ton press and get set up to produce Andscott's new console cabinet. An investment of that size couldn't possibly be financed out of surplus. He'd have to arrange a big loan and that meant going back to the beginning, to all those years when he had lived under the black cloud of mortgages and bank loans. He'd thought he'd won when he'd finally gotten out from under. But you never won. You couldn't win in a little company—the cards were all stacked against you.

"—know how you feel about bringing any new capital into the business," Bronson was saying, "but I don't see what the alternative is, sir. If we don't—"

"How long do we have?" Austen demanded.

"Joe wanted an answer by Friday night but I told him we'd have to have more time than that. I finally got him to give us until the first of the month. That's a week from tomorrow."

"I'll let you know," the president said, his voice crisp with dismissal.

Bronson rose reluctantly. "Well, if there's anything I can do—"

"I'll call you."

With the click of the door latch he wheeled back to his desk, pressed the buzzer and told Miss Berk to put in a call for Will Atherson, president of the Freeholders Bank and Trust Company in Philadelphia. He was trapped . . . there was only one thing to do, get it over with . . . the sooner the better!

Waiting, he tried to concentrate but his brain refused the discipline, short-circuited by the flinch of pain. There was a tearing claw inside the cage of his ribs, an iron fist closing over his heart. He breathed deeply, open-mouthed . . . *relax . . . relax . . .* "We've found nothing organically

wrong, Mr. Austen . . . distress that you experience on certain occasions is probably psychosomatic . . . induced by nervous tension . . . have to learn to relax, Mr. Austen . . . when a man passes fifty . . ."

Voices cross-faded and he turned to see Miss Berk standing in the open door. "Mr. Atherson is out of his office now. He'll call back within an hour."

He nodded and the door closed. Then, tricking him, it reopened. "Shall I send in Mr. Clark now? He's been waiting for a long time."

"In a few minutes."

He faced down her look of disapproving inquiry, tight-lipped until the door had closed again.

*Relax . . . relax . . . relax . . .* try to think. There was some talk about a new Washington ruling on speeding up depreciation . . . that might give him a chance . . . maybe something about it in the paper this morning . . .

The newspaper was on his side table. He scanned the front page, found nothing pertinent and turned to the financial section. The first thing he saw was the headline of a small advertisement.

#### WHY NOT SELL YOUR COMPANY?

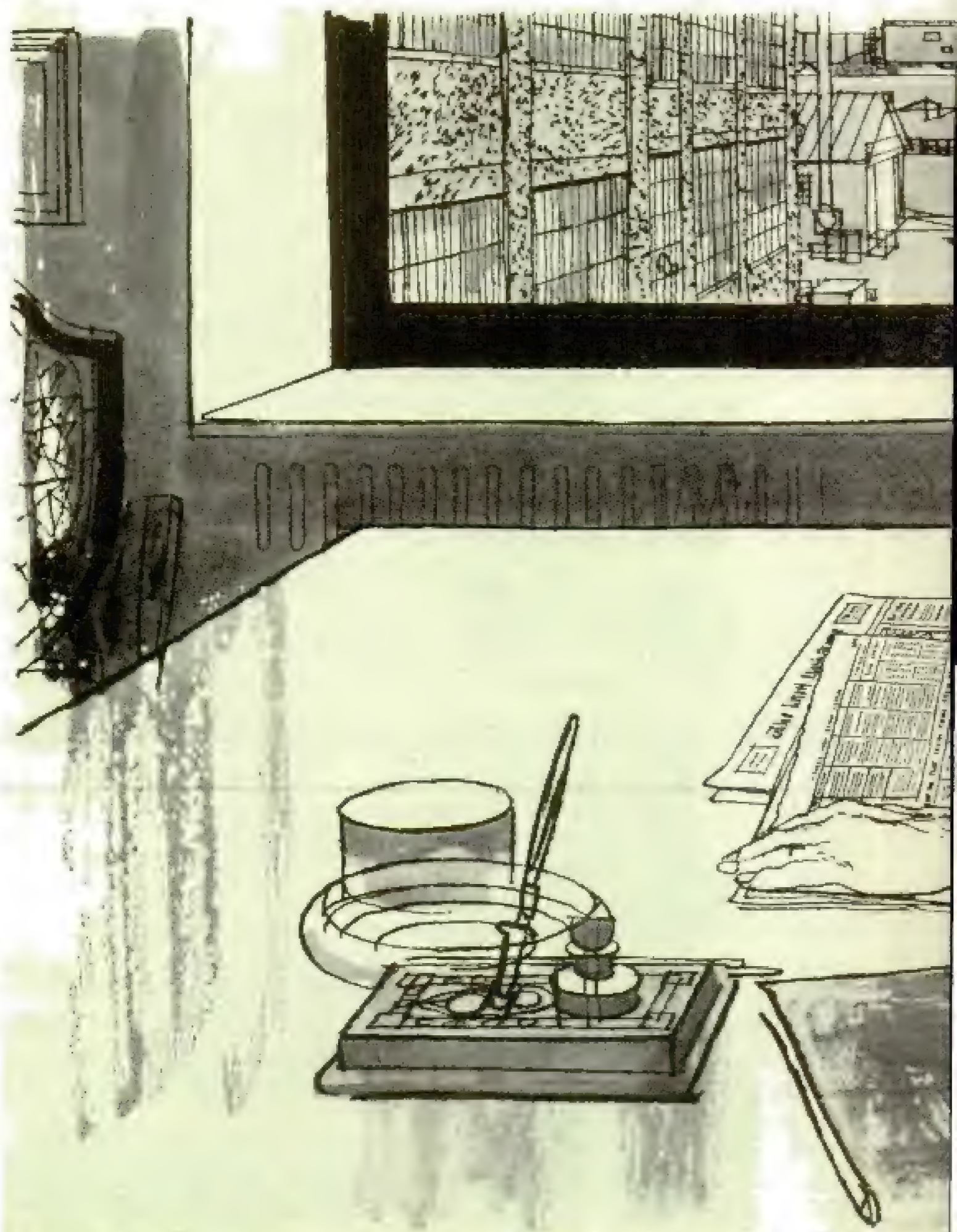
He read the short paragraph . . . *unusual opportunity for owner of business to cash in and avoid problems created by today's heavy taxes on operating profits.* Probably some kind of racket. There were a lot of those gyp brokerage outfits looking for suckers.

His eyes wandered over the two pages, reading headlines . . . MULTI-MILLION EXPANSION FOR OIL COMPANY . . . CHEMICAL FIRM TO BUILD NEW PLANT . . . CORPORATE FINANCING ON UPGRADE. All big companies. They were the only ones that had a chance these days.

Suddenly, happening so swiftly that there was no consciousness of the moment of transition, the claw grip in his chest was gone. His mind had cleared. A single thought hung suspended, as attention-compelling as the sun in a cloudless sky and, like the sun, it was without support or tie, a thought seemingly virgin-born, spurning the ancestry of association or memory, and so it became an idea miraculously created, totally his own.

*He would sell the company.*

He waited for the backlash of reflexed resistance that had always



"Why not sell your company?" says the newspaper advertisement.



before been generated by any suggestion that he might ever sell the Suffolk Moulding Company. Back during the war someone had asked Will Atherson to sound him out on whether or not he was interested in selling. He had answered then with immediate rejection, almost in anger, not even bothering to find out how much the unnamed buyer might be willing to pay. Now nothing happened. His mind remained clear. The situation had changed in these last 10 years. Now, obviously, the thing to do was get out—and in a hurry, before the Andscott business was lost! That only gave him a week.

He went to the door and flung it open. "Miss Berk, hasn't that call from Mr. Atherson come through yet?"

"Not yet, Mr. Austen. Shall I try again?"

He shook his head.

"Are you ready for Mr. Clark?"

He hesitated, abruptly aware of the need to talk. "All right, send him in."

Gil Clark entered with an easy smile, rejecting apology for having been kept waiting. "That's all right, sir. Those things happen." He was opening his portfolio, taking out a thin folder in the gold cover that Corporation Associates used on all of its client reports. "This is on that tax business, sir. I went over it with Patterson. He doesn't think—"

"Let that go for a minute," Grant Austen said, suppressing his growing excitement. "Something else I want to talk over with you." He studied the younger man's face, speculating on what his reaction would be when he told him what he had in mind. "This is confidential."

"Of course, sir."

"Nothing definite about it, just an idea that I'd like to get your slant on."

"I understand."

The question that dominated Grant Austen's mind squirmed restlessly behind his lips, demanding to be voiced, yet there was the restraining realization that even the asking would be a partial commitment. "What would you say if I were to tell you that I was thinking of selling the company?"

Nothing registered on Gil Clark's face except the alertness of interest. For a moment, Grant Austen was surprised, almost disappointed. He had expected an expression of something close to shock. Then, slowly,

came the realization that Gil's matter-of-fact acceptance was a confirmation of the soundness of the whole idea. Encouraged, he pressed the question. "Well, what's your reaction?"

"I'd say it was a possibility that was very much worth considering."

"You would?"

"Definitely."

Grant Austen leaned forward, easing the tension of his stiff-necked pose, amazed now at how easy it was to accept a possibility that, until a few minutes ago, he could never have forced himself to even consider.

"Of course," Gil Clark went on, "it would depend on the kind of deal you could make—not only the price you could get but the tax situation that would be created."

"Naturally. That's what I—well, what I wanted to talk to you about," Grant Austen said, not entirely truthfully. He had not anticipated that the conversation would go this far. Now, expectation outdistanced, he wasn't sure of what he did want to talk about. "I wouldn't sell, of course, if I couldn't get the right kind of deal. Maybe I couldn't, I don't know."

"If you decide to go ahead, we might be able to help you," Gil Clark said casually. "Mr. Glenn has been involved in the sale of several of our client companies. I know that he'd be more than willing to step in and do anything he could."

"Well, I might call on you folks," Grant Austen said cautiously. "I don't know yet how things are going to develop but—"

The buzzer of the intercommunicating system sounded and he depressed the listening key. Miss Berk's voice said, "Mr. Atherson's on the line. Do you want to talk to him now or shall I have him call back?"

"I'll talk to him."

He leaned back, uptilting the receiver. "Will? Grant Austen. I was wondering what your schedule was like for tomorrow. There's a new development in the Andscott situation that I'm anxious to talk over with you. How would you be fixed if I were to drive down tomorrow forenoon—get in about noon?"

They made a luncheon date and he hung up, pleasantly aware of Gil's courtesy in having gotten up and walked to the window.

He cleared his throat and Gil turned, talking as he came back to the desk. "I've been thinking, Mr. Austen—of course, I wouldn't do this without your permission—but if it's agreeable to you, I'd like to mention to Mr. Glenn that you're thinking of selling. Even if you do have a deal of your own brewing, there'd be no harm in bringing another buyer or two into the picture."

Grant Austen gripped the arms of his chair, reacting to the feeling of being hurtled toward the edge of a precipice. If he agreed, it was almost a final decision. He hadn't had time enough to think it through yet. He needed to talk about it, thresh it out . . .

His eyes, subconsciously guided, turned to the north window and found, across the smoke-plumed gray roofs of the city, the spot on the slope of Orchard Ridge that marked the site of his home. His eyes saw only the blue haze of distance but his mind saw the big studio window in the second floor of the carriage house . . . tonight he'd talk it over with Lory . . . Lory would understand . . . know that it wasn't weakness . . . that he wasn't running away. Lory would understand that he was being smart . . . that now was the time to get out . . . before Andscott . . .

Gil Clark said, "Did you have any price in mind, sir?"

"Price? Well, not exactly."

"I just thought it might help if I could give Mr. Glenn some rough idea."

He hesitated, facing another commitment. "You know the business, Gil. What do you think I could get for it?"

"Oh, that's hard to say, sir. All depends on what someone would be willing to pay for it." He opened his briefcase and took out a notebook, fanning it until he found what Grant Austen saw was a copy of the company's last balance sheet. Gil sat for what seemed an eternity, noting figures on the edge of the sheet. "This is only a stab in the dark—but I'd say you might get somewhere between a million six and a million eight—maybe two million, I don't know. Of course, you'd have income tax to pay, but it would only be capital gain. Even if you only got a million five or six—well, you'd still have over a million clear for yourself."

Grant Austen stared incredulously at the gray blur of figures on the balance sheet. Strangely, he had never thought of them before as representing personal wealth, only as symbols in an equation that had to be kept balanced. It had never occurred to him that he was actually within reach of becoming a *millionaire*.

"All right, Gil," he said with as much composure as he could manage. "I'll call you when I'm in Philadelphia tomorrow."

Gil Clark rose.

"Sit down a minute," Grant Austen said, "How much would I have to get—gross—to have a million left after tax?"



Grant Austen wonders whether that isn't the only way out for him.





The well-bred Cash McCall, lounging with easy grace, startles Gil Clark into the realization that there is more than one kind of "operator."

## 'Tax structure nowadays sets things up like pins in a bowling alley'

*Gil Clark reports to his boss, Harrison Glenn, head of Corporation Associates in Philadelphia, that Grant Austen may be interested in selling Suffolk Moulding. He is horrified to discover that the most likely prospect is Cash McCall, whom he has heard of only as one of the "capital-gains operators" he despises. Clark arrives for a luncheon date with McCall at a suite in the luxurious Hotel Ivanhoe.*

**F**ACING the door that fronted on the tenth-floor foyer, touching the push button for the second time, Gil Clark was doing his best to keep his promise to Harrison Glenn that he would meet Cash McCall with an open mind.

The door opened.

The man who faced him . . . no, it couldn't be Cash McCall. This man was too young . . . no older than himself . . . someone else . . . an assistant.

"I'm Cash McCall," the man said, extending his hand.

Dry-mouthed, Gilmore Clark heard himself speak his own name and then they were walking together into the big living room. In the instant of first seeing, the room seemed a startling fulfillment of Gil Clark's oldest adult dream. It was, in almost precise duplication, the room that had been his haven of imaginary escape on those endless nights of tortured waiting on the carrier, the same room that he had again dreamed into being during those fever-burned weeks before he had awakened to discover the antiseptic reality of a hospital ward. Now fantasy had become truth. It was all here, the miracle of a dream come true . . . those same deep-set windows, the packed bookcases, the waiting chairs and the soft spillage of dimmed light, the narrow-framed prints on the cork-covered walls . . . a Frost watercolor over the mantel, Bishop etchings, a painting of a dart of pintails coming in over the decoys . . .

Cash McCall stood over a low table in the center of the room, his hands spread fanwise over a bristle of decanters. "Martini? Or do you prefer whisky?"

"Martini'd be fine."

The cocktail was excellent and he was tempted to a compliment, but when he tried the words in silent rehearsal they seemed pointless. A perfect cocktail was a part of the scene. It was impossible to imagine Cash McCall mixing a cocktail that would not have been perfect.

"Glad you could lunch with me," McCall said. "Hope it wasn't too inconvenient?"

"No, not at all."

"Good. Most people talk more easily over food. Hope you're one of them. I want you to do some talking." He lounged back on the giant couch, a bedlike affair upholstered in green glove-leather.

Gil Clark wished that he hadn't chosen a straight-backed chair. He felt stiff and uncomfortable, wordless.

Cash McCall fixed him with a narrow-eyed smile that suggested clairvoyance and his words brought a confirmation of the power. "No need to get your guard up, Mr. Clark. If I ask questions that you don't care to answer—don't." The smile softened. "That's a privilege I claim for myself every now and then."

"I'll tell you anything I can, Mr. McCall."

"Mind starting now? Or would you prefer to eat first?"

"The sooner the better," he said.

"What do they call you—Gil?"

"That's right."

"Mind if I do?"

"No indeed."

"My first name is Cash. If you've heard rumors to the contrary, it's not a nickname. Cash was my mother's family name."

Gil Clark shifted uneasily. There it was again . . . McCall had read his mind, knowing that he had thought *Cash* was a nickname.

"I hope you won't resent my inviting you here under a false pretense," Cash McCall said.

Gil stared his lack of comprehension.

"I may be interested in buying Suffolk Moulding," McCall said casually. "I don't know. I was several years ago but I'd more or less forgotten about it until yesterday. At the moment I'm more interested in you."

"In me?"



## CASH McCALL

Cash McCall was looking at him across the rim of his raised glass. "I'm thinking of offering you a job. I hope you're open-minded enough to consider the possibility."

Gil could not breach the silencing grip of surprise.

"How much do you know about me, Gil?"

"Not much," he said, forcing the words.

"I'm what you might call a dealer in second-hand companies," Cash McCall said. "I buy them and sell them."

"I know that much," Gil Clark said, attempting to match the smile that crow-footed Cash McCall's eyes.

"When I buy a company, I usually put in someone to operate it for a time—long enough to give it a general overhauling, refurbish it, attempt to make it a more valuable property than it was when I bought it. Then I sell it at a profit. Or at least that's the objective. For example, if I were to buy Suffolk Moulding—"

Cash McCall paused and Gil Clark knew that the quick rise of his desire had already shown on his face.

"Then you *are* interested?"

It was too late for denial and he nodded.

"Harrison Glenn thought that you might be," Cash McCall went on.

"Mr. Glenn?"

"I've discussed you with him on several occasions," Cash McCall said, letting a grin break and then adding, "As I presume he's discussed me with you."

"No, sir. That is—well, not discussed you."

He's never told you about my relationship to Corporation Associates?"

"No."

"I own Corporation Associates."

Gil Clark felt a quick-knotting constriction that choked back exclamation.

"Had you guessed?"

"No, I—I hadn't."

"But my position does strike you as—perhaps slightly unethical?"

"Well, I am surprised—naturally."

Cash McCall crossed his long legs. "That's something we can discuss later, after we're better acquainted. Until then, how about giving me the benefit of the doubt and telling me something about yourself? Suppose you start with a quick rundown on your life—vital statistics, family, education, business experience, and so on. I know that's putting you on a spot but at least it's a way to make you start talking."

His voice had been easy, intending reassurance, but the effect on Gil Clark was the opposite. His host's manner only emphasized, by contrast, his own disturbing lack of poise. His thoughts spun themselves into a tightly wound ball and he could find no loose thread to pick up for a beginning.

"You're Main Line, aren't you?" McCall prompted.

"Yes, for several generations back."

"Both sides."

"Yes. My grandfathers were Phares T. Dudley and Gerard Clark. They founded Clark-Dudley & Company, the publishing house. It was carried on until a few years ago by my uncle, Jefferson Clark."

"Your father didn't go into the family business?"

"No, he spent most of his life in public service."

"For example?"

"Well, various charitable organizations. At one time he was general chairman of the Special Services Foundation. He didn't have much interest in making money."

"In other words, he lived largely off your grandfather's estate?"

Gil sipped his cocktail, consciously delaying an answer. Cash McCall's question had probed a sensitive realization. It was true that his father had lived off the estate, used it up to the last penny...

A quizzical grin formed slowly on Cash McCall's face. "Gil, why do you feel the necessity to defend your father?"

"I don't, I—" His voice caught and the break was an admission that, once made, allowed no turning back. "I suppose by some standards he did live a rather useless life."

"By *your* standards?"

Gil Clark wasn't sure what his inquisitor meant, nor toward what blind corner he was being led, and he felt the need for a side-stepping escape. He attempted a laugh and it came off better than he expected. "If you're asking me if I have any objections to making money—personally—the answer is no, none whatsoever."

There was something like approval in the way that McCall chuckled.

"There are people, you know, who do feel that making money is rather ungentlemanly, something that isn't done in the better circles."

"Perhaps that's because they're having so much difficulty doing it these days," Gil said, pleased after he heard his voice that he had managed to say it as well as he had.

There was a clipped laugh as Cash McCall put down the urn. "In case there's any doubt in your mind, Gil, I don't belong to the better circles. I'm a thoroughly vulgar character—I enjoy making money."

He felt himself stiffen, oddly shocked, and then impelled to rebuttal, his eyes involuntarily sweeping the room. "I'd hardly say that you—"

McCall cut him off. "Don't let the trimmings fool you. I'm no gentleman. I don't fit the prescription. A gentleman spends all day beating his brains out to make money—and then goes to the country club at night and tries his best to convince everyone else that he's a very high-class character who would never stoop so low as the pursuit of a fast buck."

"That isn't far from true," Gil said, smiling in spite of the warning in McCall's eyes that he was not indulging in aimless chatter, that everything he said was pointed toward a purposeful end.

"We have a peculiar national attitude toward money-making," McCall went on. "We maintain that the very foundation of our way of life is what we call free enterprise—the profit system. We're so serious about it that we'll fight to preserve it—literally go to war—but when one of our citizens shows enough free enterprise to pile up a little of that profit, we do our best to make him feel that he ought to be ashamed of himself."

There had been, up to this time, a hazy suspicion that Cash McCall was somehow, perhaps subconsciously, searching for self-justification, but his manner was such a complete denial of that possibility that Gil Clark found himself retreating to his earlier judgment that everything the man had said was a purposeful part of a sharply pointed inquisition. He wanted to give McCall what he seemed to be asking for—a denial that he was a Main Line snob—but he could think of no way to say it without making a fool of himself.

With gratitude he heard McCall say, "You said before that you had no objection to making money—personally."

"I'm all for it—personally or otherwise."

"Would you have any moral compunctions about being associated with a low character who happened to think it was a more interesting game than golf—providing, of course, that you did a little money-making yourself in the process?"

Gil Clark was becoming conscious that he was, almost against his judgment, being forced to like Cash McCall. "I've never cared much for golf," he laughed, thinking humor a way to avoid commitment.

McCall bent his head to his glass. "Well, let's get off the sidetrack, Gil, and back to the vital statistics. What about college—liberal arts?"

"No. Business."

"Then you weren't planning to go into the publishing house?"

"Yes, but on the business end."

"Why?"

"I didn't feel myself qualified—temperamentally—for the editorial work. As for the business end—well, I didn't agree with my uncle that there was anything wrong with making a profit in the publishing business."

McCall got the point and smiled. "Your uncle, I take it, believed that art shouldn't be tainted with the sordid stain of profit."

"Something like that," Gil agreed. "But my grandfather had made money in the publishing business and I didn't see why it couldn't still be done."

"In other words, you felt yourself more in sympathy with your grandfather than your uncle?"

Gil looked at him, puzzled by the point of the question.

"I'm not badgering you," McCall explained quickly, making Gil realize again that his face must have betrayed him. "I'm simply trying to find out what sort of person you are. You did go to work for the publishing house—for Jefferson Clark?"

"Yes. For about a year after I got out of the service."

"What service?"

"Navy. I was a pilot."

"Do any flying now?"

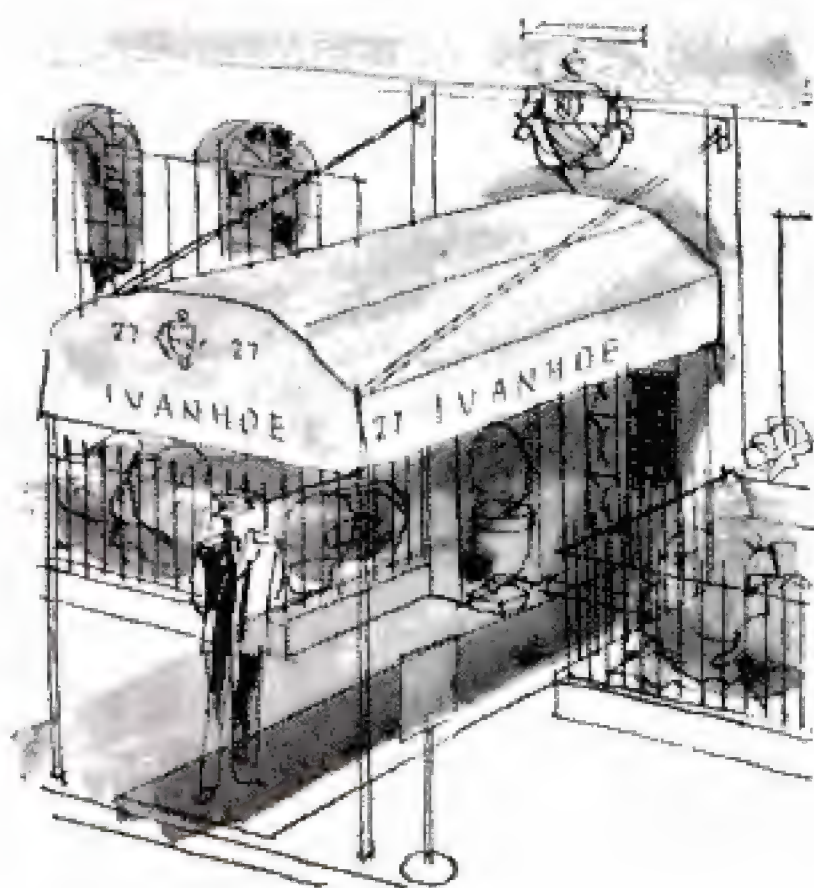
"No, sir."

"Get enough of it?"

"No chance, that's all."

Cash McCall looked at him speculatively. "Maybe you could give me a hand now and then. Ever fly a B-26?"

"No, I had all my time in—" He found his voice blocked by the all but incredible implication that Cash McCall owned a B-26 and was using it as a private airplane.





"I know," Cash McCall said in another disconcerting exhibition of mind reading. "It's a lot of airplane. But it's what I need. Gets me there in a hurry. I don't like sitting around waiting for things to happen." Then, as if in incongruous denial, perhaps even as an act of intentionally subtle humor, he lounged back and asked, "What happened after you came back to the publishing house? Why did you leave?"

Gil hesitated as he reached back to pick up the thread of the conversation. "My uncle and I couldn't quite agree on where the firm was going. Actually, it was two businesses in one—a publishing house and a printing plant. I made a study of the situation and wrote a long report on what I thought should be done. I'll admit I was pretty much of a cub then—and I suppose it was a rather amateurish attempt at business analysis—"

"What did you recommend?"

"That we sell the printing plant to get the capital that was needed to keep the publishing house going, drop a lot of unprofitable kinds of books and concentrate on the juvenile field. It was my idea to merchandise children's books through the chain grocery stores. That's fairly common now but in those days it was a rather new approach."

"What happened?"

"My uncle didn't agree. I couldn't see any future the way he was headed, so I decided to get out."

"And the publishing company—what happened to it?"

"A few years ago my uncle got into a rather tight financial situation and sold out."

"Squeezed out?"

"No. I wouldn't say so. From what I heard he got his asking price."

"To whom did he sell?"

"A New York corporation—Paper Enterprises."

"Who was behind it? Who owned it?"

"I don't know. I was out of the company myself so I wasn't too much concerned."

"What did Paper Enterprises do with the publishing house?"

"They sold the printing plant—I understand for about the same price that they paid for the whole business—and then started chain store distribution of children's books. They were one of the first to get into it in a big way and it worked out pretty well."

"In other words, they followed your recommendations?"

"Yes, substantially," Gil said, feeling the restraint of modesty. "At least that's what I've heard."

Cash McCall tapped the edge of his glass with his thumbnail and there was a bell sound in the moment of silence. "Paper Enterprises still own the publishing business?"

"No, after they got it going they sold out."

"Probably at a nice profit?"

"So I understand."

"And you still don't know who was behind Paper Enterprises?"

"No. As I said, I—"

His voice cut off as he saw the leatherette cover on the volume that Cash McCall, reaching back, had lifted from a table beside the couch. *It was the report he had written on Clark-Dudley!* How had Cash McCall gotten hold of it . . . could it be that he was the man behind Paper Enterprises?

"I'm your man, Gil. Found this in the files after I bought Clark-Dudley. I'm very grateful to you for the ideas. And you're quite right about my making a nice profit out of it. That's one reason I asked you to come here today."

Gil Clark felt himself speechless, his mind dulled with the opiate of shock.

"Let's go on," Cash McCall said. "You went from the publishing house to Corporation Associates?"

"No. I was with Simonds, Farrar & Peters for about two years."

"Happy there?"

Gil hesitated, feeling that his answer involved an important decision. "No, sir—not particularly."

"Why not?"

"I didn't like their type of clientele."

Cash McCall studied his face, his expression suggesting that he was going to pursue the subject, but he didn't.



"Then you went with Corporation Associates?"

"Yes."

"How did you get that job—through what means?"

"Means? An employment agency."

"Do you recall the name?"

"Yes. Hildreth-Paris."

"You approached them—or did they come to you?"

"As I recall, they wrote me a letter. Then I went to see them."

Cash McCall sipped the last drop in his glass. "Just to keep the record straight, Gil, the agency approached you because I asked them to. I owned Hildreth-Paris. I still do."

Gil Clark felt himself groggy, unable to think, but he had to say something. "I don't get the connection—Hildreth-Paris, I mean."

"I've found an employment agency an extremely valuable adjunct to my operations." He reached back again, and Gil saw that now he had picked up a copy of the last Corporation Associates report on Suffolk Moulding Company. "This is a good job, Gil, excellently done, but I know quite a few things about Suffolk that you weren't able to dig out."

"Through the employment agency?"

Cash McCall nodded.

"Someone from Suffolk looking for a job?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Paul Bronson."

"No!"

"Surprise you?"

"Well, I—yes, it does."

Cash McCall laughed. "I must say, Gil, that's the one thing about you that doesn't quite measure up."

"What's that?"

"You're too easily surprised."

"After today I doubt if anything will surprise me," he said, trying to say it lightly but it didn't come out that way.

Cash McCall shot him a quick glance and then said crisply, rising, "Lunch is on the table. Ready to eat?"

A door had opened silently behind them and, in the next room, a table had been set for the two of them, crystal and silver sparkling against white napery and black-red mahogany.

CASH McCALL put his napkin beside his empty dessert plate. "Yes, the food here is good. Max is an excellent chef. More coffee?"

"No, thank you."

Gil preceded him into the living room, hoping that now at last there would be a return to the subject that had been so pointedly avoided all during the luncheon. Their conversation, guided by McCall's rather astounding scope of interest, had ranged all the way from trout fishing to the philosophy of Santayana, from Al Capp to Hemingway, from Purdey shotguns to springer spaniels, but not once had there been a mention of either the Suffolk Moulding Company or the job that Cash McCall had in mind for him.

The gray clouds outside had thinned and the soft glow of mist-screened sunlight came in through the small paned windows.

"Well, what do you think?" McCall asked, his back to the windows, the expression on his face hidden by concealing shadows.

"About what?"

"Going to work for me."

Gil Clark's smile came freely, not forced against caution as it would have been an hour ago. "As far as I can see, I have been working for you for some time now."

"This wouldn't be quite the same. You'd leave Corporation Associates."

"I'm afraid I'm a little vague about what my job would be."

"I'm a little vague myself," McCall admitted, dropping to the edge of the couch, sprawling his long legs out across the floor. "It would depend on developments. I told you before that I was a dealer in second hand companies."

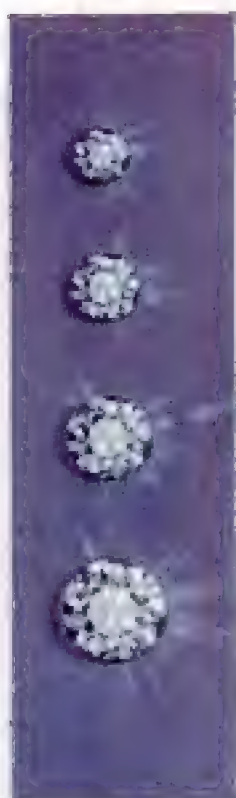
"Yes."

McCall leaned back like a lazily stretching animal, his extended hand picking a thick packet





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 ½ carat (50 points) \$190 to \$455  
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## CASH McCALL

of papers from a shelf behind the couch. "Here's this week's crop of reports on companies that can be bought. One of your jobs would be to screen them. When you found one that appeared to offer interesting possibilities, you'd dig in and make a preliminary survey."

"I see," Gil said, disappointed that what McCall had in mind seemed to offer nothing that might lead toward a continued association with the Suffolk Moulding Company.

"Apparently that doesn't interest you," McCall said.

"I wouldn't say that it doesn't interest me," he said, feeling again that transparency of thought that had bothered him before lunch, McCall's apparent ability to read anything that was in his mind.

"It wouldn't be too different from your present work, would it?" McCall asked.

"I am right, that's what you do now, isn't it—go into a company and try to find out what's wrong with it?"

"Yes, that's usually the starting point."

"That would be the starting point for us, too. When a company is for sale, there's always a reason, always something wrong. The first order of business is to find out what that something is."

"I can see that."

"Sometimes it's a situation that has nothing to do with the company itself—some special circumstance that makes the owner want to sell. These days, it's usually taxes. If that's the case, we explore the owner's tax situation and work out some kind of a deal that will solve his problem."

"I understand."

Cash McCall snapped a light to a cigaret. "Sometimes the company is in trouble. Then we have to decide how much overhauling it would take to put the property in salable condition. Often there's nothing more needed than a thorough housecleaning—sweep out the dry rot, wash the windows, polish the door handle and invite the right buyer to come over and have a look."

"You make it sound easy," Gil said.

A veil of cigaret smoke floated lazily upward from Cash McCall's lips. "That's the whole trouble, Gil. In a good many cases it's *too* easy. All you wind up with is a chunk of money."

"I can think of quite a few worse things to wind up with," Gil smiled.

"But it's like trout fishing, Gil. It's easy enough to make money—like catching trout with worms—but once you've graduated to dry flies you lose your taste for worm fishing."

"I suppose that's right," Gil said uncertainly, unable to believe that Cash McCall had intended the simile to be taken seriously.

"Does that make me sound like a conceited ass—saying that money is easy to make?"

Denial threatened to make him sound naive. "Well, I wouldn't say that there'd be too many people who'd agree with you."

"That's exactly what makes it so easy—there's so little competition. Most people have been raised to believe in the old copybook maxims about hard work and frugality. They've had it dinned into them since childhood that money's something that has to be grubbed out, a penny at a time."

"I guess I'm one of those people that were raised on the maxims. I've known there were ways to make big money but—"

"But you never realized how easy it was?" McCall supposed.

"If you're smart enough to do it."

"You don't even have to be very smart."

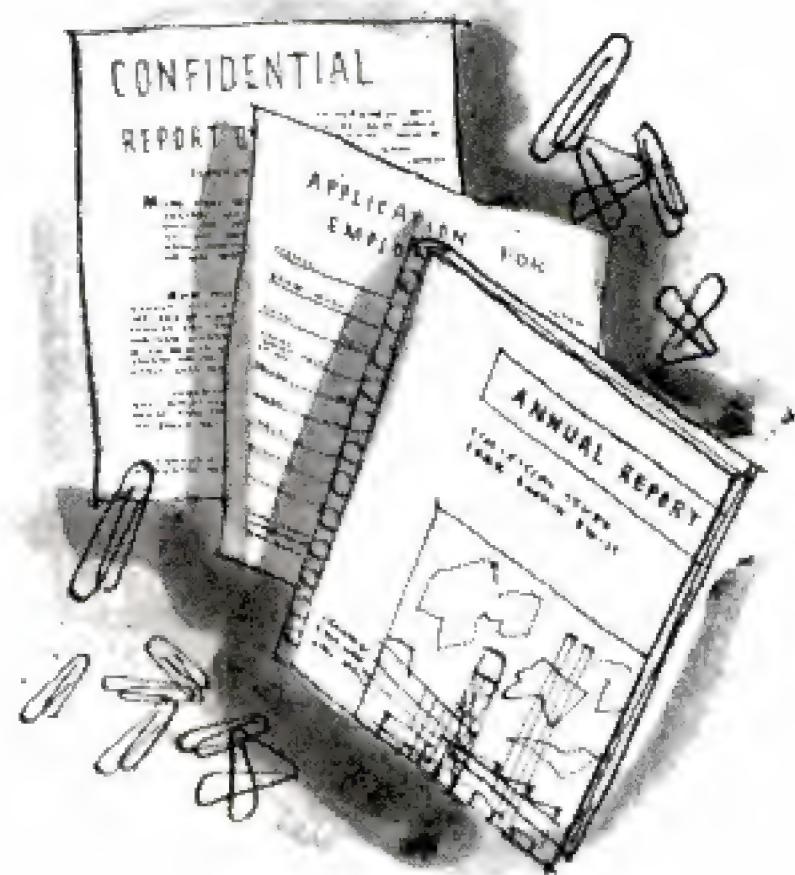
"I'd argue about that."

"No, Gil, it's easy. The tax structure nowadays sets things up like pins in a bowling alley. Look—" He sat up and leaned forward, elbows on his knees. "—the only way the owner of a small company can cash in these days is to sell out. Isn't that Austen's situation?"

"Of course," Gil agreed, suddenly realizing that he had momentarily forgotten Grant Austen and the Suffolk Moulding Company.

"And because of the tax situation the country is full of Austens," McCall went on, gesturing toward the pile of letters and reports. "There are hundreds of companies for sale, thousands of them."

"I know."



"And the same tax setup that makes it advantageous for the small company to sell out makes it equally desirable for a big corporation to buy—especially if the companies can be merged to improve the tax base."

For an instant, Gil's mind reverted to the train of thought it had followed on the way to the hotel.

McCall smiled, mind reading again. "I don't make the rules, Gil, I only play the game. I never thought much of the kick-for-point after touchdown, either, but as long as it's in the rulebook, that's the way the game is played."

"I suppose so," Gil said. "But the situation is sure to change. There'll be a revision of the tax laws one of these days."

McCall agreed readily. "Yes, there'll be some new rules, but it'll still be essentially the same game. It's been going on from time immemorial. There's never been a period in our history, even

at the bottom of the depression, when there weren't men who were making money by the very simple process of buying a company in which someone had lost faith and selling it to someone else who could be made to have faith in it. That's my business, Gil—and I get a wallop out of it. I think you would, too. That's why I've called you in. I'd like to tackle something bigger than anything I've done up to now. If I do, I'll need some help—an extra pair of hands, someone to feed me ideas, follow through on detail, pick up the ball when I fumble, warn me if I'm about to commit a foul."

"That sounds like quite an assignment," Gil heard himself say.

"What's your size-up of Suffolk?" McCall asked abruptly.

"Well, that would depend on what you'd have to pay for it," Gil said, weighing words. "If it could be bought at the right price—and if you could get the right kind of management—well, I'm sure it could be operated at a very handsome profit."

McCall swung around sharply. "I thought you understood. I don't buy companies to operate. I buy them to sell. I'll let someone else do the operating."

A protest leaped to Gil Clark's lips but Cash McCall's voice blocked it. "Look, Gil—you like that company and you think Austen has made a mess of it. You think you could take over and square it away. You probably could. But what would you have when you got through? No more than Austen had 10 years ago—a nice little company that can get about so big and no bigger."

"But it *could* be built into—"

"That's what Austen thought," Cash McCall snapped. "That's what the owner of every little one-man business thinks—that he can go on building and building and building. More often than not, he doesn't *think*. He just goes on hoping and dreaming, believing in the American legend. Once in a while someone makes it, but not often any more. Successful companies come in two sizes these days—small and large. It's the medium-sized ones that have the tough go—too big to be handled with one-man management, not big enough to support a real organization. You have to find some way to jump that middle period, Gil, and it's getting tougher to make the jump all the time. Austen sees that. That's what's taken the steam out of him. And it's no unusual situation. I know a hundred Grant Austens. The country is full of them."

Gil Clark found it difficult to accept that too-simple excusing of Grant Austen's fumbling mismanagement of the Suffolk Moulding Company.

"I know what you've been up against with him," Cash McCall went on. "It's a frustrating experience to try to work with a man like that. Makes you want to shove over on the seat and take the wheel out of his hands. But believe me, Gil, you'd be just as frustrated if you did. Suffolk Moulding is about as big as it's ever going to get under one-man management."

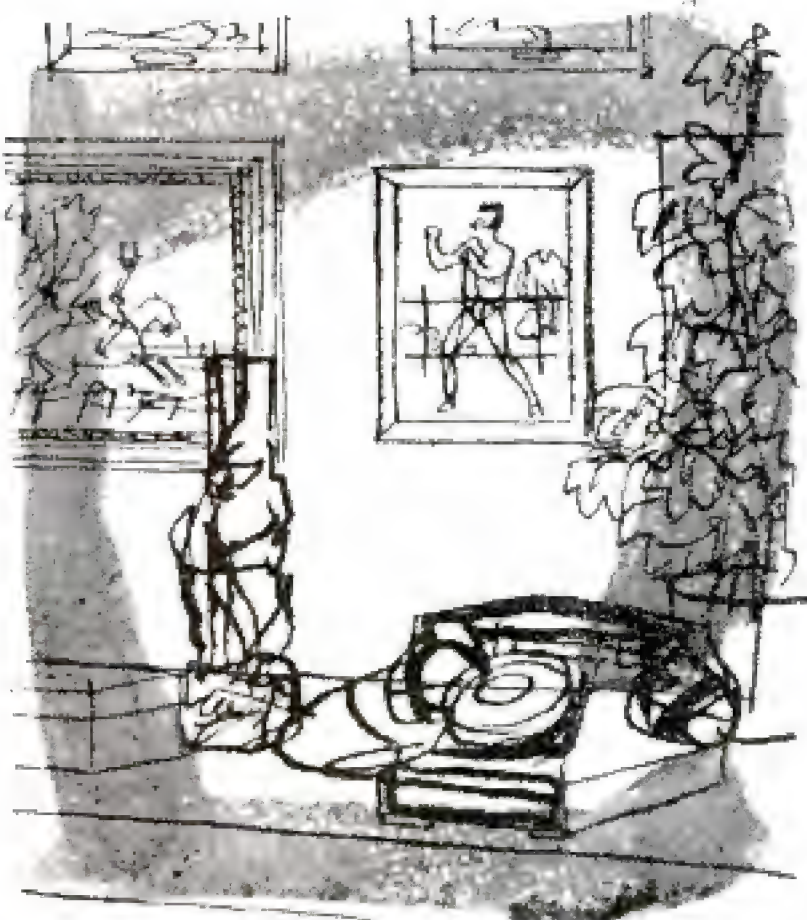
"Oh, I don't say that the profit margin couldn't be improved a little. It could. But beyond that—" He shook his head. "It's a rough go, Gil—trying to make that big jump the slow way."

"But there has to be *some* way. After all, small companies do grow into—"

"Yes, there's a way. You take the jump in one leap—make a big one out of a bunch of little ones."

"You mean merge them?"

"Of course. Isn't that the way most companies have gotten up the ladder—at least in the last 20 years?"





**'Had the settlement with McCall this morning. It's a lot of money, so I thought I'd get it down here'**

*Grant Austen has sold his company to Cash McCall for \$2 million, but his initial elation at formally becoming a millionaire is already giving way to a feeling of purposelessness. He has come to Philadelphia to deposit his check for the sale, expecting that his old friend Will Atherson, president of the Freeholders Trust Co., will invite him to his club as he has many times in the past.*

**T**HE faceless clock on the glass wall of the Freeholders Bank & Trust Company registered only 11:20 as Grant Austen pushed open the front door. It was earlier than he had planned to arrive, but walking the streets had exhausted his patience as well as his strength . . . and Will Atherson might be leaving early for lunch, this being a Wharf Club day.

He looked up to the mezzanine and saw the banker through the transparent wall of his office, sitting alone at his desk, and walked confidently toward the silvery spiral of the staircase.

Atherson's secretary met him at the top step. "Why, Mr. Austen, this is a surprise! Or was Mr. Atherson expecting you?"

"Well, nothing definite," he said. "But I guess he probably figured I'd be down."

"I hope he's free," she said uncertainly, but still smiling. "Sit down, Mr. Austen, and I'll tell him that you're here."

He drew his wallet from his inside coat pocket, taking out the check, not bothering to sit down because he was sure that Will Atherson would appear immediately—and he did, taking the pipe out of his mouth long enough to offer a quiet greeting.

"Don't want to break in on you if you're busy," Austen said, hesitantly, hopeful that the banker would offer a disclaimer. But the pipe had gone back. "Had the settlement with McCall this morning, you know. It's a lot of money so I thought I'd get it down here as soon as I could."

Atherson nodded, taking the check, examining it, looking up then with a silent question.

"Sure, there's Lory's check too," Grant Austen said. "I thought she'd get a kick out of banking it herself. But we can make the arrangements about investing it and all that."

Atherson turned to his hovering secretary. "Will you see if Mr. Brown is busy?"

They were standing outside the bank president's office and Grant Austen made a guardedly suggestive move toward the door.

"I thought we could sort of run over the investment situation, Will. Like I say, it's a lot of money and I'd like to get it working for me as soon as I can."

"Naturally," Atherson said. "That's why I sent for Brown. He's the head of our Trust Department, you know. Be a lot more help to you than I'd be. Investments are Fred's specialty. As you know, I stick pretty much to the industrial end."

Fred Brown came around the corner, his face remembered only because of its oddly tinted complexion, his skin always looking as if it had been stained by color bleaching out of his sandy hair. Atherson offered a cryptic explanation and, with a maneuver too adroit to be circumvented, put Grant Austen in a position where he had no choice except to follow Brown down the hall.

Until a minute or two before 12, Grant Austen sat in a labored pretense of listening, nettled by Brown's constant references to his *retirement*, held back from walking out only by the expectation that, at any moment, Atherson would rescue him with an invitation to lunch at The Wharf.

That hope was still alive until, finally escaping with the promise that he would give some thought to Brown's investment suggestions, he came back down the hall to find Atherson's office empty and his hat and coat gone from the closet in the corner.

Spiraling his way down the staircase to the banking floor, he was more stunned than angered, attempting to excuse Atherson by trying to make himself believe that the banker might have had a date to go somewhere else today.

But acceptance was made difficult by the juxtaposed memory of the strange way that Harrison Glenn had treated him. Never before would Glenn have passed up an opportunity to see him, particularly with such a lame excuse as a staff meeting. And now Will Atherson had treated him the same way, shoving him off on a clerk and then sneaking out. What was wrong? He was a millionaire . . . he had a deposit slip to prove it . . . but everyone was treating him as if he were a nobody, as if he didn't matter any more.



Grant Austen discovers that Bank President Will Atherson isn't

**'So when we pick up our own chips, there's no blood on them'**

*Cash McCall is trying to use his newly acquired Suffolk Moulding to gain control of the huge Andscott Instrument Co. The deal depends on two men. One is General Danvers, retired war hero who is president of Andscott. He hates McCall and has offered to buy Suffolk with Andscott stock. The other is Dr. Bergmann, dedicated scientist and head of the Andrews Foundation whose income is derived largely from Andscott stock. With Andscott dividends falling off, the Foundation's funds have been jeopardized. Bergmann agrees to vote the Foundation's stock for McCall. With the stock Danvers has offered for Suffolk, this would give McCall control of Andscott. Clark is reporting to McCall on his talk with Bergmann.*

**A**S soon as I found out that it was Bergmann who wanted *your* help, instead of the other way around—well, that was the real break, his feeling the way he does about what's happened at Cox-Farrington."

"And you say that he mentioned John Allenby as a possible president?"

"Oh, no," Gil said in hasty correction. "I'm sorry if I gave you that impression. All he said was that he hoped whoever you put in as president would do as good at Andscott as Mr. Allenby had done at Cox-Farrington."

Cash finally lighted his cigaret. "But it's an idea. I happen to know that Allenby is available. I talked to him a month or so ago. He's bumping his head against the ceiling over at Cox-Farrington—gone about as far as he can there—beginning to get a little bored with it. You don't know him?"

"No."

"Extremely able man," Cash said. "And what he'd have to do at Andscott would be exactly what his Cox-Farrington experience has proved he *can* do. We'd have to give him a big stock-option deal in order to interest him, I imagine, but that would be simple enough to arrange." He stumped out his just-lighted cigaret, a gesture of final decision. "And he'd be able to handle Danvers."





very impressed with the check that makes Austen a millionaire.

"Handle Danvers?" Gil asked blankly. "But he won't have to—"  
 "Look, Gil," Cash cut in. "I know how you feel about General Danvers—and it's my fault, telling you the things I did this morning. I threw you and I know it. I shouldn't have done it. He's not a bad sort."

"But the things that he accused you of doing?"  
 "That was all in the heat of battle. You can't blame him too much. He's an old man and in a very tough spot. There'd be no fun in cutting his neck. There'd be a lot more fun in having it."

"But how could you? I mean—well, you can't possibly let him go on managing the company, not after the mess he's gotten himself into."

"Yes, we'd have to get him away from the financial end of things. But that wouldn't be too difficult. With Allenby in there to keep him on the right track, it could be handled so that no one would know what was happening—probably not even Danvers himself."

"What would you do?"  
 "Kick him upstairs."  
 "Chairman of the board?"  
 "Sure."

Gil paused, finally saying, "It might not be such a bad idea at that," the admission grudging until he experienced a feeling that was closely akin to relief, then vaguely aware that General Danvers' fate had troubled his conscience more than he had realized. "It would be rough on a man like that—a general who's done what he did for the country—booting him out with a dishonorable discharge. And then I don't suppose you can blame him too much for taking the job and a \$100,000 a year is a lot of money, particularly when you stack it up against a general's retirement pay."

Gil had gone on piling reason upon reason, seemingly encouraged by agreement, and it was something of a surprise when Cash said gruffly, "We don't have to wave any flags to justify it. He can pay his way—at least for the two years that he still has to go before retirement. Those Washington contacts of his are worth a lot. When we dump the television business, Andscott will need some new defense contracts to take up the slack."

"Yes, that's a point," Gil agreed. "And it probably wouldn't do Andscott Instrument any good in Washington to let the impression get around the Armed Forces that one of their own boys had gotten a rough shake up here."

"That's probably true," Cash acknowledged, but so offhandedly that it seemed a thought that hadn't occurred to him before. "Look, Gil, the way to get the most fun out of a deal like this is to work it so that everybody comes out a winner. If we take care of Danvers, we've just about made it."

"Austen sold his company for his asking price—more than it was worth—so he's a winner. Andscott Instrument gets a new management setup—which they need very badly. Bergmann gets his dividends—that saves the Andrews Foundation. General Danvers gets out from under—and it's my guess he'll welcome the chance."

"He probably will."

"So," Cash went on, "when we pick up our own chips, there's no blood on them. No one got hurt. That's the way I want it to be. It's more fun."

"Well, it's a wonderful attitude—"

Cash clipped off the possibility of compliment. "Do you think Bergmann will object?"

"To what?"

"To making General Danvers chairman of the board. Or is he so prejudiced against him that he'd insist on giving him the ax anyway?"

"Oh, I'm sure he won't care," Gil said quickly, recalling the cold-blooded intensity with which Dr. Bergmann vowed that he would do *anything* to save the Andrews Foundation. "To be honest about it, I don't think that anything you'd do at Andscott Instrument would matter in the least to Bergmann—whether General Danvers stays or goes—or anything else."

"As long as the Foundation gets its dividends?"

"That's right."

Cash nodded soberly. "That's the impression I'd gotten from what you'd said about him, but I wanted to be sure. Strange, isn't it?"

"What's that?"

"How widespread that attitude is becoming, not just in this case but so many others. Maybe this isn't a very good example—Bergmann probably hasn't any special obligation to worry about what happens to General Danvers—but there are getting to be so many men whose only standard of personal conduct is the good of some impersonal institution."

"I'm not certain that I know exactly what you mean."

"Surely you've run into a lot of it in the companies you've worked with—the man who does things as a corporation executive that he wouldn't do as a person, always justifying himself by saying that it was something that had to be done for the *good of the company*."

"Of course," Gil conceded, but his mind slipped into a groove deeply cut by his often repeated argument that the ethical standards of business, particularly big business, were so much higher than outsiders ever credited them with being.

"But it works the other way around, too. Don't you think that there are a lot of corporation executives who—well, what I'm trying to say is that a corporation's ethical standards are usually higher than the personal standards of the men who manage it?"

"Possibly," Cash McCall said, not with complete acceptance. "But you've made my point—that there are two sets of standards these days, one personal and another corporate. You say that Bergmann would do *anything* to get money for the Foundation. Would he do *anything* to get money for himself? Doesn't that make the point that there's a double standard?"

Remembering the scene in Bergmann's office, Gil had no choice but agreement.

"It shows up even more clearly when you get outside business," Cash went on. "It's essentially the same thing but it hits you harder, seeing it in a different perspective. I ran into one a year or so ago—not too unlike the Bergmann situation—a college that stood to get about a half million dollars providing that the assets of a company that was being dissolved could be juggled in a certain way. The president of the college came here to Conway trying to get him to work out some way to make the whole thing legal."

"Conway turned the case down cold—it was nothing but a flagrant attempt to defraud the other stockholders. So the college got another law firm and went ahead. I happened to be involved in a minor way so I arranged to see the president and tried to point out how wrong he was in what he was attempting to do."

"But he couldn't see it?"

"Oh, he could see it. He admitted readily enough that the circumstances were regrettable. But how could anyone possibly criticize him? He wasn't doing it for personal gain—it was all for the good of the college."

"Did they get the money?"

"Of course. They took the case to court, followed exactly the same line of argument, and won hands down."

"And the next day, the president probably made a speech about how they had triumphed over the iniquitous forces of big business."



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Cash McCall tells Lory Austen how making his first \$100,000 in

**'It's a popular religion, Lory—this company worship'**

*Years before, McCall and Austen's daughter, Lory, had met and had a brief affair. While McCall has been negotiating for Suffolk Moulding, he and Lory meet and fall in love again. In his apartment, McCall is telling Lory of his past life.*

**H**AVE you ever tried this—telling someone *why* you're the kind of a person you are?"

"I don't suppose I've ever thought about it."

Cash smiled as he said, "It isn't only the things I *have* done, it's the things I haven't done."

"Like not staying put in the wallpaper business?"

"What have you heard about that?"

"Nothing much—except that you'd been in it for a while and then left."

"Do you know why?"

"I don't suppose I do. I heard that you were bored with it—but that it may have been because of your father."

The shake of his head came quickly but there was a long reflective pause before he spoke. "No, it wasn't because of my father's death—except in the sense of that being the precipitating incident. I would have left in any event. I just didn't *belong*. I suppose I should have realized that before I ever started, but somehow I hadn't—and it hit me hard when I finally woke up. You see, I'd always taken it for granted that I'd work for Conestoga Wallpaper."

"Is that what you wanted to do?"

"I thought so. But maybe I was only drifting down the path of least resistance. I didn't have an engineering mind, or a research mind, or a legal mind, or any other special kind of a mind. I don't think I ever thought it through in exactly that way—I'm sure I didn't—but, anyway, I wound up in the college of business administration."

Lory laughed. "There were an awful lot of people in art school who weren't there because they had any special talent."

"But at least they *thought* they had it," Cash argued. "And I suppose I thought so, too. I left college with—well, actually, I was pretty much steamed up about a business career. This was '36, the depression was still on, but I'd had a reasonable scholastic record and I got a half dozen job offers. One of them was with Conestoga, of course. Dad had been there all his working life—his sun rose and set right over the plant roof—so there's where I went."

"Your father owned the company?" Lory asked.

"No, he was just the plant manager—Conestoga was a division of the Columbia Furnishings—but it couldn't have been any more a part of his life if he'd owned every brick of the factory. No, that's wrong—it wasn't a *part* of his life, it was all of it. Actually, I think he was





nine days started him on his way to his multimillion operations.

more totally absorbed in it than if he had owned it. That made it something even more *detached*—*inanimate*—no, that doesn't say it."

"I believe I know what you mean," Lory said, but by no means certain that she did.

"When I was in India I lived for a while in a little village in Rajputana. I asked a group of people who owned their temple. They were horror-stricken at the idea of my imagining that anyone could *own* a temple. I think that's more or less the way my father felt. I'm sure he never thought of the plant as something that anyone *owned*. It was an institution . . ."

"His temple," she suggested.

"That's it," Cash said gratefully. "Conestoga Wallpaper was his religion and the plant was his temple, his shrine, his place of worship. He'd do anything for the company—*anything*! No personal consideration could ever be superior to that."

"It sounds a little like what you were saying about Dr. Bergmann and the Foundation."

"Of course," Cash said with a wry smile. "And there are a million other men just like that. It's a popular religion, Lory—this company worship—and maybe it's the right one, I don't know."

"But not for you?"

"No, not for me. I couldn't accept the gospel. I tried—two years on my knees—but I was still an infidel, still the heathen in the temple. I didn't belong. I just couldn't generate the blind faith that you have to have. And you *do* have to have it, Lory. If the high priests up in the tower lose their faith, the temple walls start cracking."

Lory nodded, accepting her father as an example.

"And of course it has to carry down the line," Cash went on. "The low priests, the altar boys, everyone. There's no place in the temple for the nonbelievers. Every religion has a curse for infidels and this one does, too. My father shouted it at me once. I'll never forget it." Cash paused, a bitter smile quickly softening to tolerance. "He accused me of not being a *company man*—and he said it as if he'd just looked into my soul and seen all the devils of hell writhing around in there."

"I'm sure he didn't mean it that way," Lory said, but conviction was tempered by the recollection of those nights in the library when her father had talked about men at Suffolk Moulding. There was no greater compliment he could pay anyone than to say he was a *company man*, no greater fear than that someone might not turn out to be one.

"It was over such a little thing, too," Cash reminisced. "But it was typical. This was in the '30s and there was a home furnishings style trend that was more or less away from wallpaper—painted and textured walls were coming in—and my father had made a speech at the sales convention. He really went overboard—if this horrible trend wasn't stopped, civilization was doomed. I remember one of his lines—*imagine if you can, a whole generation growing up without their cultural heritage of artistic wallpaper!*"

"And he probably believed it," Lory said with a smile.

"Oh, he did. But when he asked me in all seriousness what I thought

of what he'd said, I couldn't resist saying what *I* really believed—that I couldn't see that it would make a great deal of difference in the future of civilization, one way or another. I shouldn't have needed him but . . ."

"I know. It's been like that with my father, too. I can remember how terribly upset he was once when he heard the wife of one of his men say that she hated plastic dishes."

"Yes, that was disloyalty," Cash agreed. "One of my father's assistants built a new house and paneled the living room—no wallpaper. I don't think he ever really trusted him after that. To my father, it had to be 100% or nothing. A man had to give *everything*, his whole life. And that's what he did himself—literally."

"It was a horrible thing—at least it seemed so to me at the time. They were working on some wonderful new machine—all it did, actually, was put a spray-gun effect on the background before the design was printed but, of course, right then that was the most important thing in the world. There'd been a memo from the New York office about it—and that was a stone tablet right from Mount Sinai. The machine had to be operating in time to get samples in the new line. Dad went out in the factory himself and worked on the thing. He drove himself like a madman, day and night—and then a heart attack."

"How awful," Lory whispered.

"The awful part was still to come. They took him to the hospital. Somehow, after midnight when the nurse was out of the room for a minute, he sneaked out and went back to the plant. We found him there a couple of hours later—dead."

"Oh, no."

"Men die—I could accept that," Cash said gravely. "But what I couldn't get over was the terrifying fanaticism that would make a man offer up himself as a human sacrifice—and all for something no more consequential than a gadget to spray ink on wallpaper. I couldn't accept the philosophy that *that* should be the end point of a man's life. It seemed horrible."

"It was," Lory whispered.

"But not to the other men. I remember the funeral—all the big brass down from the main office in New York. To them, my father had done something very noble. What more could any man want than a chance to lay down his life for a great company?"

"It really is something like a religion, isn't it?"

"Anyway, I couldn't accept the philosophy. I couldn't believe that the individual didn't matter, that it was only the company that counted—always the *group*, never the man—always the individual must submerge himself in the mass."

"And you wouldn't submerge?"

"I couldn't. You see—but there was another side of it, too. How important it was, I don't know—I can't look back now and re-create everything that was in my mind then—but I was a depression product, college during the Roosevelt years, and I suppose I'd been inoculated with the anti-business virus. That must have been true because if it hadn't been, the rest of the world wouldn't have hit me the way it did. I'd left the United States with the idea that the American businessman was a pretty awful character—cold, materialistic, nothing but a money-grubber. But when I stacked him up against what I found around the rest of the world, he looked like a fairly decent character. The longer I went, the more I began to feel that same way about the whole American idea. All right, maybe we had turned company worship into something like a national religion, but could anyone argue that it didn't work? Look at the results. Could anyone say that we hadn't created the best way of life that the world had ever known? Anyway, I came home a convert and headed right down the sawdust trail, looking for a job."

"You didn't go back to Conestoga Wallpaper?"

"No. That was the past and this was a new start. I thought I might get into aviation. I'd started flying when I was in college and liked it. All over Europe and Asia, I'd hung around airports, grubstaking myself now and then with a mechanic's job. I landed on the West Coast—this was the spring of '39—and started looking for a job. I found three companies that had openings. But they all turned me down—one, two, three. No reason, just thank you very much but no go. The last company I talked to had the job that I really wanted—assistant export sales manager—so I kept going back. Finally, I got to the president. At first he wouldn't talk either, but in the end I managed to nag him into telling me what the score was. I'll never forget the look on his face when he did. He acted as if he were pronouncing a death sentence."

"But what did he say?"

"That I was one of those most displaced of all persons—an individualist."

"How silly."

"No, not silly at all. He said that he was afraid I'd never be a real *company man*. And he was right. I wouldn't have. I guess I was born a couple of generations too late. My grandfather was the sort of man





who once made a million dollars between breakfast and lunch and then lost it before dinner. He died leaving almost nothing."

Cash sipped his drink. "Anyway, when I came back to Philadelphia something happened that—well, anyway, that was the start of the kind of a life I've led ever since. I happened to run into a man named Allen Ranson. He was a very personable character and didn't seem to have too much of a prejudice against individualists. He was out to buy a little company that made airport equipment—runway lights and that sort of thing—and he offered me a job managing the company, providing he could close the deal to buy it. It was a family business, the old man had died, and the three boys who had inherited it couldn't get together on what they wanted. I suppose I should have suspected something—why had Ranson picked me?—but I was green, trusted him completely, and plunged into the thing, head over heels. I worked 20 hours a day, reading corporation law and tax manuals, trying to work out some deal that the heirs would accept. Finally, at midnight one night, we shook hands on an agreement. When I went to Ranson the next day, he welched, claiming that he hadn't given me the authority to act. I found out later what he'd done—used me for a cat's-paw to keep this company I'd bought from selling out to someone else and spoiling another deal he had on the fire. You can see the spot that left me in—I'd made the deal, given my personal word, and somehow I had to go through with it. But I didn't know how. Operating the business was out of the question—I couldn't possibly have financed it—but I was positive that the company was worth more than I'd agreed to pay. Somehow, I talked Will Atherson into loaning me the option money—and then I remembered the president of this company in California."

"The one who had called you an individualist?"

"That's right. He'd mentioned something about his company wanting to diversify with supplementary lines, so I packed up a bunch of samples, bummed a ride across the country with a pilot I knew, and finally wound up selling him the company."

"This same man who wouldn't give you a job?"

Cash nodded. "In nine days, I made a profit of over \$100,000. I was flabbergasted. It just didn't make sense. A month ago, this same man wouldn't give me \$5,000 a year to work for him. Now he'd handed me 20 years' salary for a month's work."

"It would have been cheaper to have hired you."

"Much! But the strange thing was that it didn't bother him. He was actually pleased. You see, I'd confirmed his judgment about me."

"No, I'm afraid I don't understand."

"I'd proved I wasn't a company man. If I had been, I'd never have done such a crazy thing as to jump in and buy a quarter-million-dollar business with no money to pay for it, and no idea what I was going to do with it after I'd bought it. Furthermore, I'd done it all on my own—no consultations, no committees, no group action."

Assured by Cash's ironic humor, Lory laughed. "But you made \$100,000."

"It wasn't only the money, Lory. Oh, I don't mean to say that wasn't important—when you've been flat broke for a year or two, \$100,000 can look like a first-class miracle—but it was more than that. For the first time, I'd really gotten a wallop out of something. That experience—first buying the company and then selling it—was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me."

"I can easily believe that."

"Probably sounds ridiculous to make the comparison, but it was something like mountain climbing—all the preparation, every detail so important, knowing that if you slip once you're done. Then you make it and you're up there on top. Once that's happened, you're never quite the same again—you never get it out of your system. I don't suppose that makes any sense but..."

"Oh, but it does! Of course, it makes sense."

Cash looked at her almost as if he was finding it difficult to accept her understanding, pausing before he continued. "Afterwards, I kept trying to tell myself that it was a freak case—one lucky break—something that could never happen again. But I had enough money to live on for a while so I started looking around, prospecting for another company that could be bought and sold. Luckily—or maybe unluckily, I don't know—I did stumble onto another one. In less than two years, there were five of them. By the fall of '41, I had a million dollars. Then came the war and India again—Burma—and the Hump. I'd sit there in the cockpit and tell myself that when it was over I'd buy some good company and not sell it, settle down and run it myself. But I didn't. Oh, I tried—more than once. It's just no go, Lory. There's a wallop in it for the first six months—bracing up a shaky outfit, reorganizing it, taking it apart and putting it back together again so that it runs. But then the fun's over so far as I'm concerned. For me, that's the end. From there on out, I don't belong—I'm not a company man."



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## 'I guess this game is like all others—sometimes you draw a bad hand'

*The details of McCall's plan to take over Andscott have been overheard by Maude Kennard, assistant manager of the Hotel Ivanhoe. She has a grudge against McCall and finds a way to get word to Grant Austen about the deal, convincing him that he has been defrauded by McCall, who will make a huge profit. McCall's associates get wind of this and call a council of war in their lawyer's office, fearing that their whole project is in danger if Austen takes legal action.*

A PALL of funereal silence hung over Winston Conway's office as Gil Clark followed Cash McCall into the room. Will Atherson and Harrison Glenn rose in silent greeting, finally speaking but in voices as muffled as if the table around which they had been sitting were a coffin.

This was the first time Gil Clark had seen Harrison Glenn since he had left Corporation Associates and he made a point of selecting the chair beside him. He knew the giant man too well to expect any casual pleasantries, but the stone mask of Glenn's face seemed even more chilled than usual. Will Atherson, who sat at Gil's left, gave his presence only the barest recognition. His acquaintance with the banker was too limited to permit judgment by contrast but, even so, Atherson seemed far from his normal self, a serious lack of composure betrayed by the little stabbing glances with which he followed Cash McCall as he circled the table and took a seat beside Conway. Even the lawyer, to whom perfect poise was a professional mannerism, was clearly ill at ease.

Winston Conway had come out to meet them in the reception lobby and, walking back, he and Cash had held a whispered conference. Following a pace behind, Gil had heard nothing that had been said, but Cash's seemingly offhand acceptance of what he was being told had encouraged Gil to believe that whatever had happened was not as serious as this group around the table thought it to be. That hope was sustained now by the smile with which Cash fanned the grimly silent men.

"Will someone please tell me what this is all about?" Cash asked.

Conway accepted the spokesman's role. "As I tried to explain outside, it seems that Grant Austen is contemplating legal action—based on the belief that he's been the victim of a fraudulent conspiracy."

Gil recoiled to the shock of the revelation but Cash was still smiling, lighting a cigaret now. "This isn't the first time I've been the subject of wild rumors."

"I'm afraid this is more than that," Conway said seriously.

"But you haven't talked to Austen himself, have you?" Cash asked.

"No, not since—"

"I have talked to him," Cash said. "And as late as yesterday forenoon. I'd hardly call him a dissatisfied man—quite the contrary." He tossed the dead match to the pewter ashtray. "I flew them down to Moon Beach. He's there at a convention."

Conway shook his head. "Not now. He's here in Philadelphia—apparently retaining a lawyer to handle his case. It's quite possible, as you say, that he was perfectly satisfied yesterday—I had that impression, too, the last time I saw him—but that was before Mrs. Kennard got on the job."

Conway's eyes had gone to Atherson and Gil followed them, seeing the banker nervously brushing a spill of pipe ash from his right trouser leg.

"Mrs. Kennard?" Cash asked. "The woman at the Ivanhoe?"

"I can't believe it either," Atherson said nervously, his manner that of a man forced to the confession of a personal sin. "I can't imagine what in the world would lead her to do a thing like this. But I'm afraid it's true."

"What?" Cash asked.

Atherson took a deep breath. "The chef overheard her talking to Austen on the telephone this morning—telling him this horrible tale—how we'd all conspired against him and cheated him out of a million dollars."

"A million dollars?" Cash puzzled.

Conway explained, "There've been a few sales of Andscott stock at around 10. She must have noticed that. Three hundred thousand shares at 10 is three million dollars. That's a million more than you paid for Suffolk Moulding."

The smile had completely faded from Cash McCall's face. "But how did she know about the three hundred thousand shares—or, for that matter, how much I'd paid for Suffolk?"

The lawyer studied his face. "We don't know. We thought you might."

"I don't."

Conway seemed oddly embarrassed. "There's been no occasion when you discussed your affairs with her?"

"Look, Mr. Conway—" Cash began, then suddenly looked around the group. "If any of you are suspecting that there's been any personal relationship between Mrs. Kennard and me—disabuse your minds of that right now. There hasn't been."

Winston Conway's discomfiture was evident. "Oh, I had nothing like that in mind—although it did seem a possible explanation of why she'd turn against you so viciously."

"I scarcely know the woman," Cash said coolly. "I see her around the hotel, of course, but I've rarely talked to her—nothing beyond passing the time of day."

"That makes it all the more mysterious," Conway sighed.

"It might help if I knew what she *did* tell Austen."

"Well, substantially this—that all of us are in what she called the *McCall gang*—that we'd conspired to trick him into selling his company for a lot less than it was worth—knowing all the time, of course, that Andscott Instrument was ready to buy it at a high price."

Cash squinted. "But where in the devil did Mrs. Kennard get *her* information? That's as hard to understand as why she'd go out of her way to knife me."

Conway hesitated and then asked, "Is there any possibility that she might have been eavesdropping that night you talked to General Danvers?"

"Yes, I suppose she might have been," Cash said after a speculative pause. "I do recall that she *was* in the apartment that day I made the deal with Austen—doing me the special favor of personally arranging a dinner party I was having."

"It's incredible," Atherson whispered to himself. "Incredible!"

"But surely Austen isn't taking what she told him seriously?" Cash began, but then broke off to answer his own question. "But I suppose he must be or he wouldn't be in town talking to a lawyer. You're sure of that?"

"Definitely," Conway said. "We traced him to Torrant's office. He was there for over an hour."

"Torrant?"

Cash McCall, Winston Conway, Harrison Glenn, Gil Clark and





"Judge Torrant—Clay B. Torrant."

"Some shyster?"

"No, I'd not say that," Conway said. "The Torrants are one of our old legal families. His father was on the Common Pleas bench. So was his grandfather, I believe."

"But what reputable lawyer would even entertain the idea of taking a case like this?" Cash demanded. "A man sells his company—gets his asking price—then decides after the deal is closed that he didn't ask enough. What ground for complaint could he possibly have?"

"Perhaps none," Conway said slowly. "But the fact that he got his asking price doesn't rule out the possibility of a conspiracy charge."

"Conspiracy? But that's ridiculous. What conspiracy?"

"Ridiculous, yes," Conway conceded. "We know there was no conspiracy—all of us know it—but when you take some of the things that have happened—"

"For example?" Cash curtly demanded.

The lawyer hesitated. "Well, the fact that Mr. Atherson advised Austen not to consider selling to Andscott."

Cash's head snapped around to face Atherson.

The banker's quick reaction was tensely defensive. "I've been thinking about that and we're absolutely in the clear. Yes, it's true that Austen did bring up the question of selling to Andscott—but I very definitely asked him whether he would consider taking Andscott stock for his company and he positively said he would *not*. He told me that he was interested only in a cash deal. I knew, of course, that Andscott *wouldn't* give him cash—*couldn't*—"

Conway interrupted, "You say you *knew* that, Mr. Atherson? How did you know it?"

"Simply by looking at the Andscott statement," Atherson retorted sharply. "Any fool could see it!"

"The kind of fools we might find sitting in a jury box?" Conway asked. "Could you *prove*—beyond the shadow of a doubt—that it would have been *impossible* for Andscott to have paid cash?"

Atherson swallowed. "I don't suppose you can swear that anything is

impossible—but I'd talked to General Danvers on several occasions and I knew they were very short of cash!"

"So you'd talked to Danvers?" Conway caught him up. "Then you had some inside information, did you? You knew, no doubt, that Andscott was ready and willing to pass out three hundred thousand shares of stock for Suffolk Moulding?"

"You knew very well I didn't," Atherson retorted.

Conway pounded on. "You say that Austen wasn't interested in stock. But *might* he have been interested if you had not concealed the fact that he would get as much as three hundred thousand shares?"

"Damn it, Conway, what are you trying—?"

Cash raised his hand as a peacemaking gesture in what was rapidly developing into an angry situation, but Winston Conway jumped in to clear the air with a fulsome apology. "Forgive me, Mr. Atherson. I was only trying to make the point of how easily an innocent act can be misconstrued as evidence of guilt. Let's face the facts—doesn't it *appear* that you might have been a party to Mr. McCall's nefarious scheme to get control of Andscott—and particularly when what you told Austen might be linked to the fact that you later sold Mr. McCall a large block of Andscott stock from a trust fund you controlled?"

Atherson grudgingly admitted, "Yes, I suppose you could give it that interpretation."

"But wait a minute," Cash broke in. "My buying that block of stock at least proves that Andscott common isn't worth 10 dollars a share." He looked at Atherson. "As you know, I paid you *eight* dollars a share and I'm sure you thought you'd made a very good deal in getting rid of it at that price."

"Yes, the directors were quite pleased about it," Atherson said. "But I suppose even that could be misinterpreted to look as if Freeholders was in on the plot to get control of Andscott—if someone were to take Mr. Conway's view."

"Not *my* view," Conway corrected. "I'm only attempting to demonstrate what Torrant's view might be."

Cash switched the subject abruptly. "Tell me this, Mr. Conway—if someone was attempting to establish the fact that there had been a conspiracy, wouldn't they have to start by proving that I'd known, before I bought Suffolk Moulding, that I could turn around and sell it to Andscott Instrument?"

"What's your point?" Conway asked. "That you had no idea what you were going to do with Suffolk Moulding until General Danvers so fortuitously walked into your apartment and offered a deal?"

"But it's true!" Gil heard himself whisper, the words unintentionally audible.

Conway swung around to face him. "Yes, true—but is it believable? Does it sound plausible that a man with General Danvers' reputation would actually put on such a stupid exhibition as Mr. McCall claims he did?"

Despite the recognition that the lawyer was doing only what he'd done earlier to Atherson, Gil found it necessary to consciously restrain the rise of anger, forcing a strained smile as he asked, "But couldn't General Danvers himself testify as to what had happened?"

"General Danvers?" Conway asked. "Well, let's look at Danvers' status—as the prosecution might see it, of course. If we're correct in our hypothesis that Mrs. Kennard overheard him that night in the hotel, then the prosecution already knows that Danvers accused Mr. McCall of conspiracy, fraud, putting a spy in his plant—in fact, their whole case is probably based on those Danvers accusations. But then what happens?"

"All of a sudden, Danvers meekly subsides. Why? You know the answer, don't you? We bought him off with a promise that he'd be kept on as chairman of the board at a hundred thousand a year—and you, Mr. Clark, are the guilty man. You made that deal—just as you made the deal to buy off Bergmann."

The pressure of angry argument drove against Gil's lips but they were sealed by the recognition of his junior standing in the group and the realization that he knew nothing that Cash didn't know. Cash was the one to say whatever there was to be said.

"Go on, Mr. Conway," Cash said quietly. "What's the rest of their case?"

"This is all hypothetical, of course," Conway said. "And we should be able to rely on the traditional assurance that we'll be presumed innocent until proven guilty. Unfortunately, we can't. The presumption will be guilt."

"I know," Cash said flatly. "Go ahead—where else do we look bad?"

"Suppose we go back to the beginning," Conway said. "The first odd fact we encounter is the suddenness of Grant Austen's decision to sell. That's hardly normal, you know, a man making a decision like that on the spur of the moment."

Gil protested, "Austen was under a lot of pressure from Andscott. They were after him to—"

Conway slashed in, "Or *thought* he was under a lot of pressure. And

Will Atherson find themselves facing a charge of 'conspiracy.'

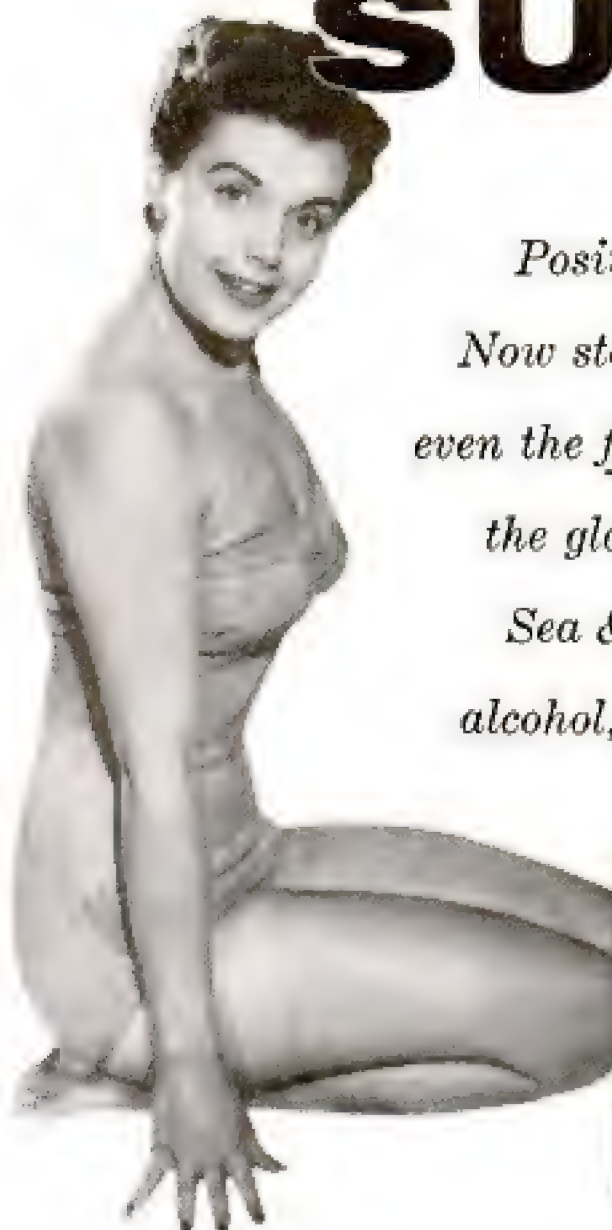






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who might have put that thought in his head? Weren't you with him the day before he sold?"

"Yes, but I—"

"And were you not an employe of Corporation Associates—an organization secretly owned by Cash McCall?"

Thoroughly in character, Harrison Glenn had sat motionless until this moment. Now his body moved, a sudden heaving as if a blast had been touched off under a rock monolith, exploding in Gil's direction. "Didn't you assure me, Clark, that you'd done nothing whatsoever to influence Austen?"

"And I didn't!" Gil retorted, flashing back to the charge, unaware until a beat later that the real purpose of Harrison Glenn's question had been to clear himself with Cash McCall, a revelation of personal weakness that Gil found shocking in a man to whom he had always attributed great strength of character.

"Suppose we follow Mr. Conway's suggestion and forget our own defense," Cash said mildly. "But since it may have some bearing, I might tell you that I made a special point of informing Mr. Austen before I bought Suffolk Moulding that I did control Corporation Associates—and that I'd had access to various reports on and about his company."

Conway asked, "You told him that before he sold?"

"Definitely."

Gil felt himself prompted to say that Cash had called him immediately afterward to tell him that Austen had been told about Corporation Associates, but Conway's voice cut in ahead of him.

"Am I right, Mr. McCall, in assuming that there were no witnesses present—no one who could testify against Austen in the event that he claimed he hadn't been told?"

There was a long silence before Cash said, "No, there'd be no one to testify against him."

The dropping of Cash's voice left an ominous silence and, watching his face as everyone else was doing, Gil was horror-stricken to see an expression of resignation spread slowly across his features, an acknowledgment of defeat confirmed when he said in a coldly flat voice, "I guess this game is like all the others—sometimes you draw a bad hand—and when that happens there's nothing to do but throw it in."

A scream of objection rose in Gil's throat . . . Cash couldn't give in now . . . it would be an admission of guilt! There had been no conspiracy. No one had done anything wrong. There were a thousand truths to hurl against the ridiculous lies of . . .

"What do you suggest, Mr. Conway?" Cash asked.

For a moment, Gil recaptured hope. Surely Winston Conway wouldn't give ground . . .

And hope was sustained as Conway said carefully, "I'm quite certain that we could defend ourselves against any charges that Austen might bring—no one has been wronged, we all know that—in fact, it's hard to imagine the case ever getting to court."

Then in a traitorous turnabout, the lawyer added, "But you may be right, Mr. McCall, I hate saying this but—"

Cash cut in, "You think I'm licked before I start?"

"I fear that may be the case. If Austen goes only as far as to file his suit—even if the rumor gets around that he *might*—you know what will happen to this new issue that the Andscott stockholders are being asked to approve."

Gil felt himself slapped for stupidity. Until this instant he had failed to see the real crux of the situation. Unless the new Andscott stock issue with which Suffolk Moulding was to be acquired received the stockholder approval, Cash would not have control of the company. A charge of fraud and conspiracy, no matter how unfounded, would arouse the stockholders to bank solidly against him. Even with the support of the Andrews Foundation votes, there would be little hope of getting a majority—and it was by no means sure that Bergmann, once he heard the story, might not back water on his promise.

This was the danger that Conway had brought up yesterday. Then it had been remote and intangible. Now it was devastatingly real, a catastrophe from which there seemed no escape.

"What do you advise?" Cash asked Conway. "Try to wash the whole thing out—give Austen his company back—let him have the Andscott deal himself if he wants it?"

"I don't know what else to suggest," Conway said slowly. "It seems a terrible thing to be forced into doing—so damned unfair—but under the circumstances it might be the wisest course."

Cash turned to Atherson. "What's your opinion?"

The banker's face was blanched. "I don't know what to say. If it weren't for the bank—all the rumors that Freeholders was involved in this thing—"

"All right," Cash said abruptly, rising. "I'll see what I can do."





Back at home, Grant Austen tells his daughter Lory, 'I was a coward.'

## 'It isn't too late to change your mind. Cash will let you have the company back'

*Back at home in Suffolk, Grant Austen is having second thoughts about his supposed betrayal by Cash McCall after his daughter Lory had reminded him that it was he who wanted to get rid of Suffolk Moulding in a hurry because he was afraid he was about to lose much of his business. He now begins to realize also that his responsibility to his company and its employees went beyond mere protection of his own interests. In this final scene Cash McCall too, though he still disavows being a "company man," recognizes fully for the first time how much his operations affect many other lives besides his own. Grant Austen and Lory are talking.*

**I** WAS lost, Lory—just lost," he whispered, his voice so low that she had the feeling, so close to him, that she was hearing the silent voice of his secret mind. "It all happened so fast—and there wasn't time enough to think—like I was running downhill and couldn't stop. And I didn't know where I was going—walking around Philadelphia this afternoon—walking and walking and thinking about what I'd done. He won't ever be able to forgive me—no one will—Will Atherson—"

She lifted her head, her hands still on his shoulders. "There's nothing to forgive."

His body twisted convulsively, breaking the hold of her hands as he got to his feet, turning sharply away from her, walking to the window. "You don't know the worst of it," he said explosively, an agonized admission torn from deep within him. "Even if they'd forgive me, I can't forgive myself."

"I ran out on them," he cried, the admission torn from his throat. "I was a coward—a yellow coward. I was afraid something was going to happen to the company, and I ran away and left them to face it alone—Paul, Jake and Ed, George Thorson, all of them—Burke, old Tommy, Kreider. They were counting on me and I sold them out—without even knowing what was going to happen to the company."

"Dad, no harm has been done."

"You don't know, you don't know," he mumbled, still staring at

what he was seeing in the window. "I've just been down at the plant—across the street—watching the men come out of the gate. I didn't dare let them see me—I knew what they were thinking—"

"None of those men have been hurt," she said to the back of his head. "And they won't be. The company will go on—just the way you always planned that it would. Don't you remember the things we used to talk about—the Post War Plan—"

She caught herself, warned by the tremor that ran up the chords of his neck, suddenly fearful that what she had intended as a kindly reassurance had been taken as a cruel reminder of lost dreams. There seemed only one hope now. "Dad, if you can't be happy without the company—are you listening?"

She waited, finally saying, "It isn't too late to change your mind."

He uttered a wordless sound of denial.

"Cash will let you have the company back."

For a moment there was silence, her father's body frozen, rigidly stock-still. Then, suddenly, he wheeled to face her.

"That would be a fine thing to do, wouldn't it!" he exploded, the crackle of righteous anger in his voice. "Do you think I'd do that—make an honest deal and then back out on it? What would people think of me?"

Now she was awakened to a strange presence. The man who stood in front of her was not the man who had been there a moment ago. This was Grant Austen, her father, himself again . . . as brashly righteous as always. But she would never forget the bewildered little man who, for one revealing moment, had taken Grant Austen's place . . .

Had there been the chance, she would have thrown her arms around that lonely little man, showing him the compassion that understanding had brought her. But he was gone now. The man who stepped to the ringing telephone was the father she had known through all the years of her life.

"Grant Austen," he said, gruffly curt, acknowledging his identity, then hesitating, obviously waiting for her to leave the room.

She heard the faint murmur of voices in the hall outside and said, "That must be Cash. He's taking me to Philadelphia for dinner."

Her father's nod was a meaningful acceptance.

As she went out through the door she heard him say only, "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Torrant—" But there was no need to hear more.

Cash was standing with her mother at the far end of the hall, their faces matched in taut expectancy.





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"It's all right," Lory said, speaking to both of them.

Cash said, "You shouldn't have done that, Lory. It was my job to talk to him, not yours."

"I needed to do it," she said slowly. "I needed it very much."

He watched her in silent inquiry.

"He was a little lost," she said, her eyes drawn back to the closed library door. "But don't blame him for that—I was a little lost, too." She turned back to him. "But everything's all right now."

"Did you tell him that he could have his company back?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"He wouldn't take it."

Cash's eyes narrowed in quick reaction, but it seemed an expression more of disappointment than surprise.

"Did you really think he would?" she asked.

"I don't know what I thought," he said, looking past her. "Maybe I wasn't thinking—except about the possibility of losing you. That's all that ever mattered. The company never did."

She reached out to him. "Cash, that isn't true. It mattered yesterday, you know it did—all your plans."

"That was yesterday."

"But nothing has changed. There's no reason why you can't go ahead just as you'd planned. He knows now that he was wrong about you."

"Maybe he wasn't," Cash said slowly. "Maybe I've been the one who was wrong—the things I've done—the way I've done them."

"No, Cash, no."

"Maybe the world is right—the pursuit of money—the root of all evil—"

"But it hasn't been the pursuit of money," she protested. "And what would be wrong, even if it were? Don't you remember what you said yesterday—that if there's something wrong with making money, there's something wrong with our whole way of life?"

"That's what I've tried to make myself believe."

"It's true, Cash, it's true."

"I've tried to convince myself that it was wrong only when it was done in the wrong way. But what *is* the wrong way? And what's the right? How do you know? Where are the rules? In the law books? Is it right if it's legal—and only wrong if it isn't?"

He had broken the hold of her hands, turning away from her. Now it was Cash who had been displaced by a stranger, an alter ego, a second self that lived in his shadow, carrying the fear and indecision too foreign to be tolerated in his own mind.

"I've kept on telling myself that I was just playing a game," he said. "But it isn't a game. It can't be. How can you play a game if you don't know the rules—if there aren't any rules? And what's the point of the game if you can't win—if you have to keep on telling yourself that it isn't the winning that matters?"

"But it does matter!" she said, more sharply than she had intended.

"Why?" he asked dully, still looking away from her.

"Cash, you can't stop now," she exclaimed, reaching up to turn his shoulders. "There are so many people dependent upon you—so many hundreds of them—all the men out here at the plant—all the people down at Andscott—"

Her voice faded off as she saw his eyes, stunned and staring, the deep blue storm-clouded. "I thought you understood," he said. "This is what I tried to tell you yesterday. I'm not a company man, Lory. I never have been."

"Oh, I know you're not," she said, the words hurried by the fear of error. "But there are so many of them and so few of you—and they need you so much. Oh, Cash, they do! Don't you see how much they need you—all the men out at the plant—and down at Andscott, too? And Gil Clark and John Allenby—and Dr. Bergmann and the Foundation—"

And she would have added her father's name if, out of the corner of her eye, she had not seen the library door open. For a breath-held instant she watched her father poised in the doorway. And then he came toward them, his smile brashly bold.





## CASH McCALL

Astoundingly, Cash's hand was the quickest, reaching out as he said, "How are you, sir?"

"Fine—sure, you bet—just fine!" her father said, pumping Cash's hand, then offering him the telegram that she had seen on his desk. "I was hoping I'd catch you before you got away—wanted your opinion on this. Been talking it over with Miriam and it sounds pretty good to us—interesting trip, South America—and a bunch of top men like that, we'd really have a chance to make a contribution. The only thing is—well, I don't want to stick out my neck unless I'm sure it's all right."

Lory felt herself trapped as her father turned to her unexpectedly, saying quickly, "Haven't had a chance to tell you about this, Lory—they've asked me to serve on a big economic mission that's going down to South America."

"That's wonderful," she said, the vague consciousness of deceit banished by the radiant glow on her mother's face, then sharply revived as she looked away and saw Cash's troubled expression.

Her father had seen it, too. "Anything wrong?" he asked anxiously.

"I ought to tell you something about this," Cash said slowly. "It might make a difference. It just happens that I know the man who's heading up this mission. I was the one who suggested your name."

"You did?" Grant Austen exclaimed. "Well, that *does* make a difference. Sets it right up as far as I'm concerned."

Cash handed the telegram back and they were shaking hands again, her father saying, "Sure wish you two could come out to the Country Club with us tonight—Friday night buffet, you know—but I guess you've got other plans?"

"I'm afraid we do," Cash said. "But there'll be another time."

"Sure, you bet," Grant Austen said, his set smile broken for one fleeting instant as he was about to turn away. "I've been wanting to say something about—well, the men at the plant—but I know you'll take care of them."

Lory saw that her mother's hand had reached out, as if to tell him that it was unnecessary to wait for a reply. And then she watched as they went up the staircase, still hand-in-hand.

He denied her the opportunity, his eyes still on the staircase, solemnly preoccupied with a thought unshared until he said, "Is that what it's been—worrying about his men at the plant?"

She nodded. "Maybe he's right, Lory. I've been so sure that it was enough to be absolutely honest and fair with every man I dealt with—but maybe they aren't the ones that really count in the end. Maybe it's the others—the ones I never see, the ones that never see me. That's what you were trying to tell me a few minutes ago, wasn't it?"

"All I was trying to say was—oh, Cash, I want you to be happy—and do the things that make you happy. But you can't be happy if you feel there's no point in it—that you can't win."

"I know," he acknowledged. "I've been trying to believe that winning wasn't important—that it was all a game—not just the pursuit of money—"

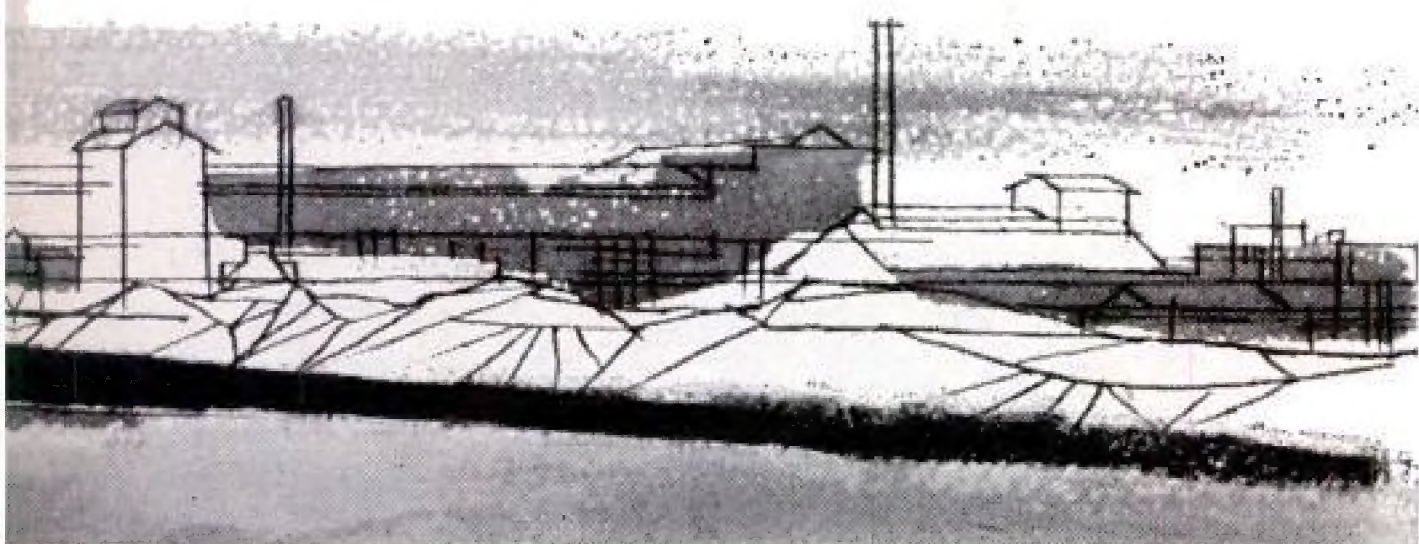
"And it hasn't been. It isn't!"

"But it hasn't been the pursuit of anything else either—and that has been the trouble, I know it now. There's always been something missing. I guess I've been so wrapped up in playing the game that I never took time enough to figure out where the goal line was—what it meant to win—or even *how* you won."

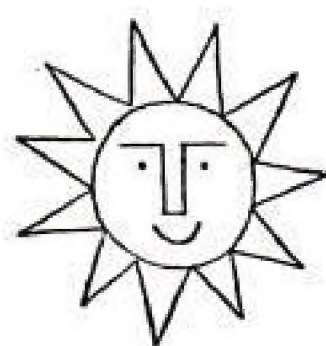
"Or who it is who really wins," she added, her hands climbing his arms. "Even if it doesn't mean much to you—oh, Cash, it means so much to so many other people. When you win, they win. And sometimes even when you don't. Do you remember yesterday when we were going to Aurora—that enormous factory we passed on the way to the airport? You said that your grandfather had gambled a fortune to start it—and lost every cent of it."

"He did."

"But is that what you were thinking? Oh, Cash, it isn't! I saw what you were watching—all those men coming out of that factory gate. And I saw your eyes when you looked back. You weren't thinking about the money your grandfather had lost. You weren't even thinking that he *had* lost. You were thinking that he had *won*."



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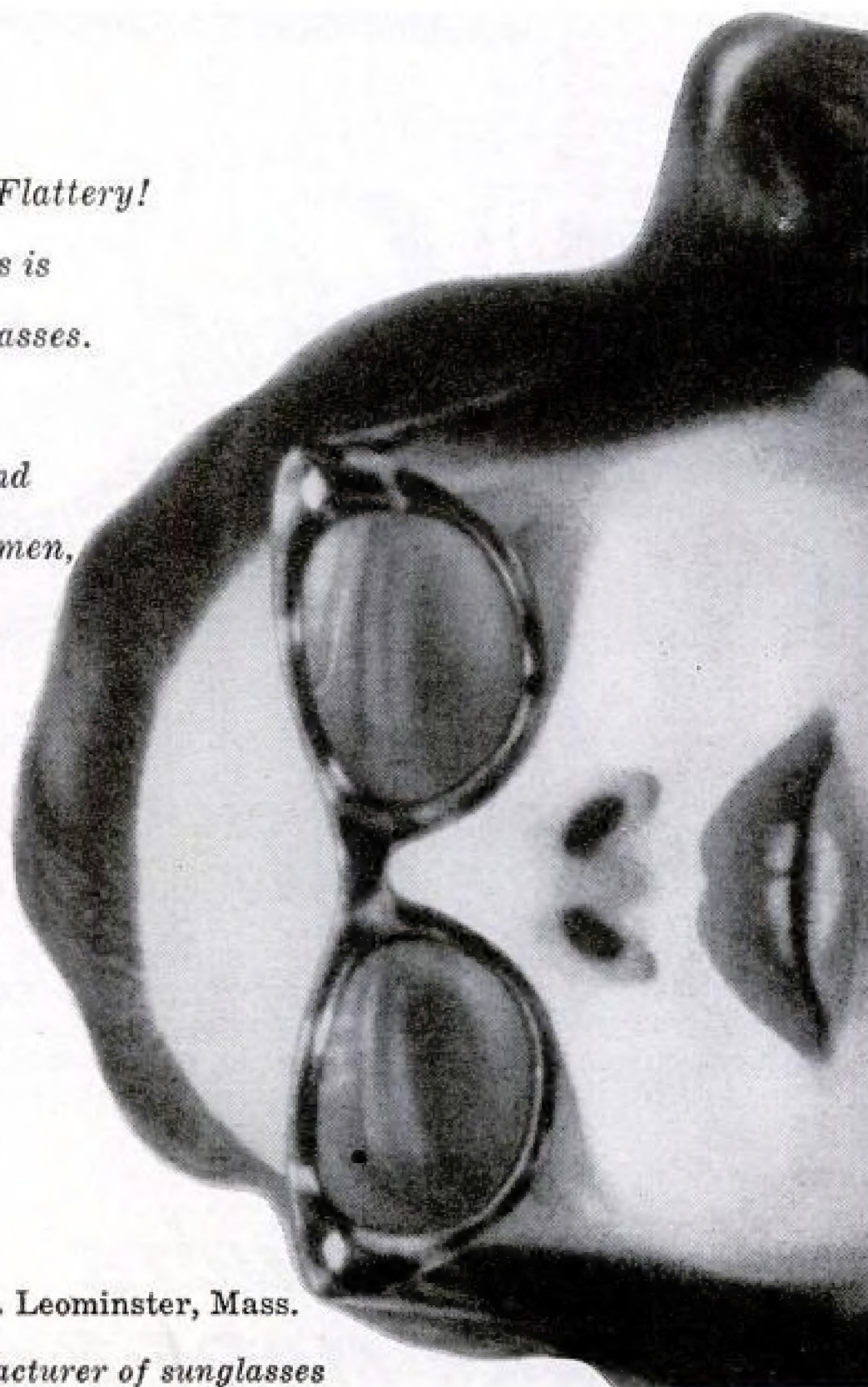
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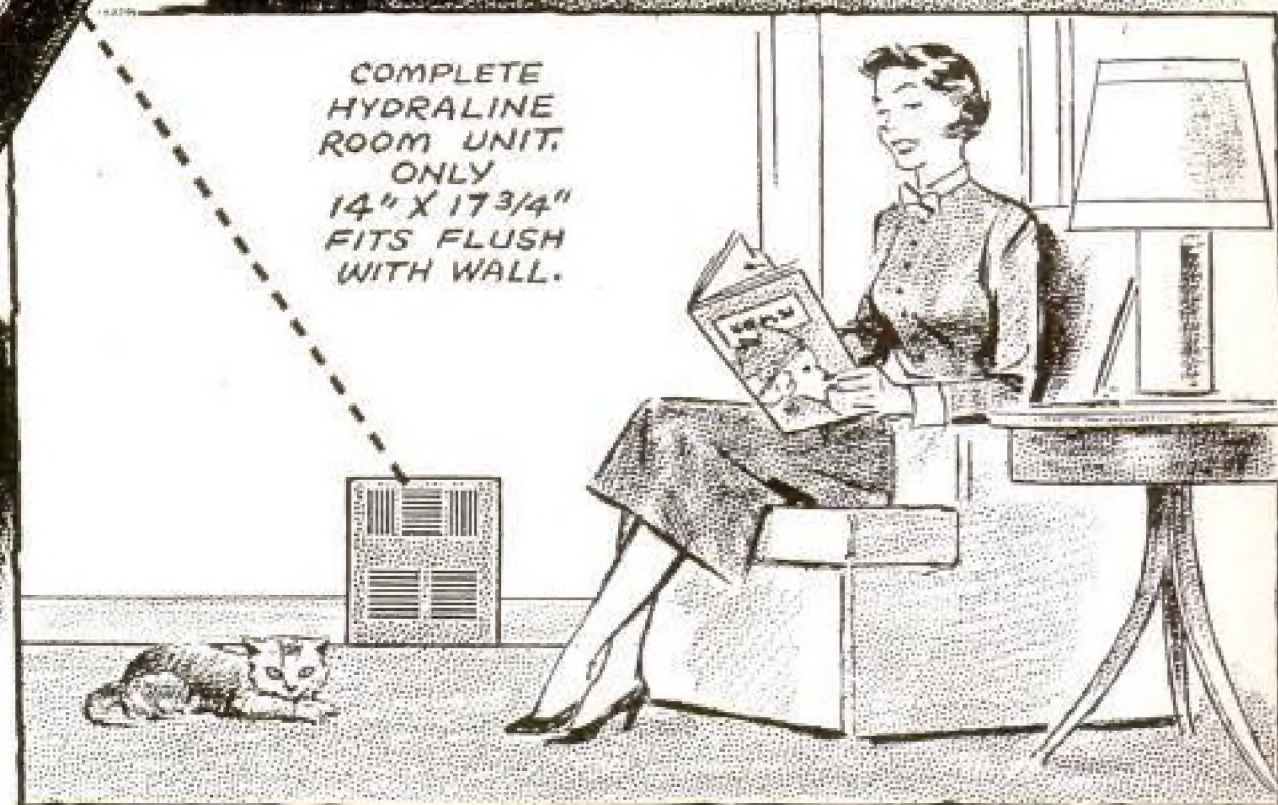
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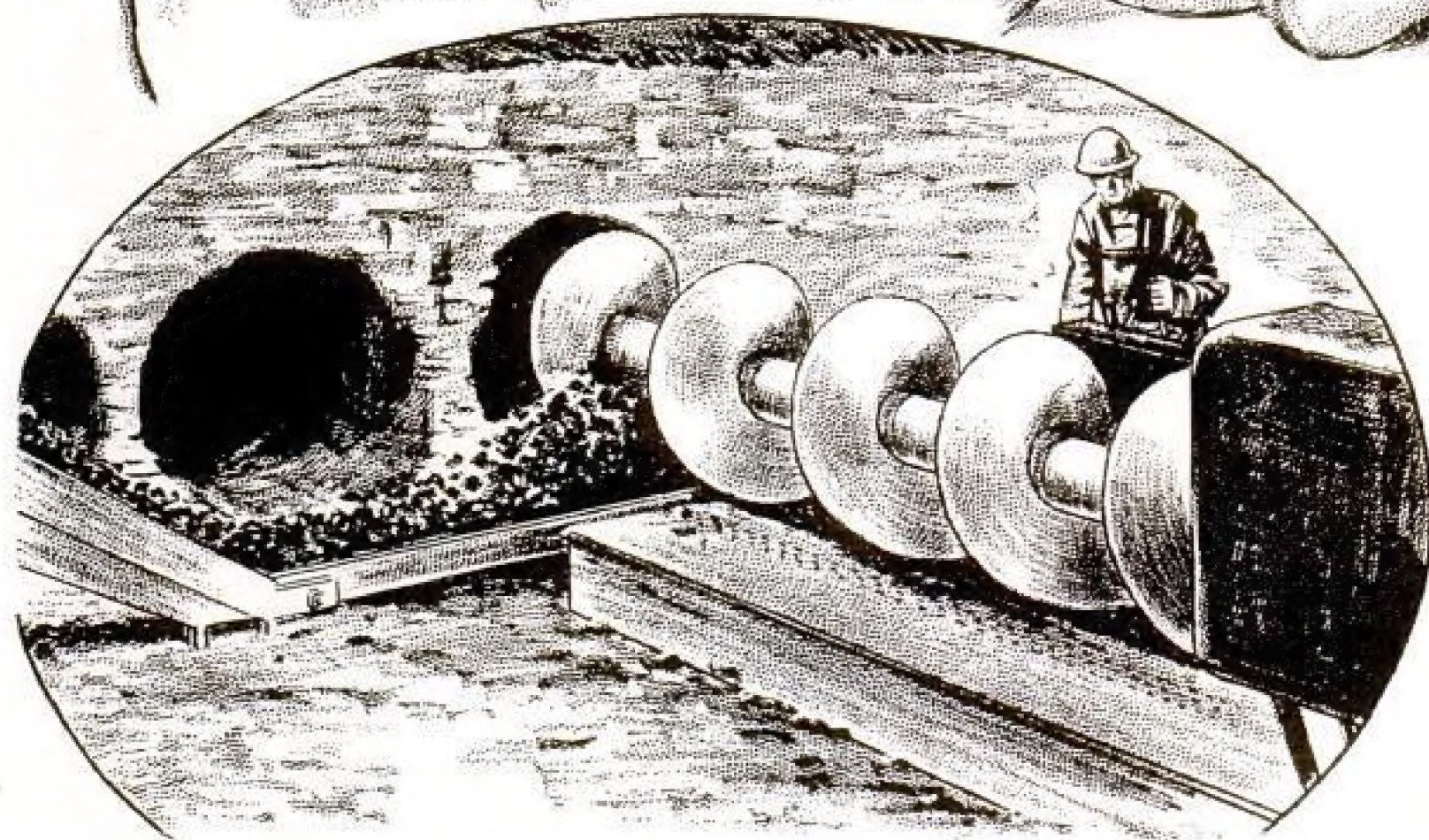
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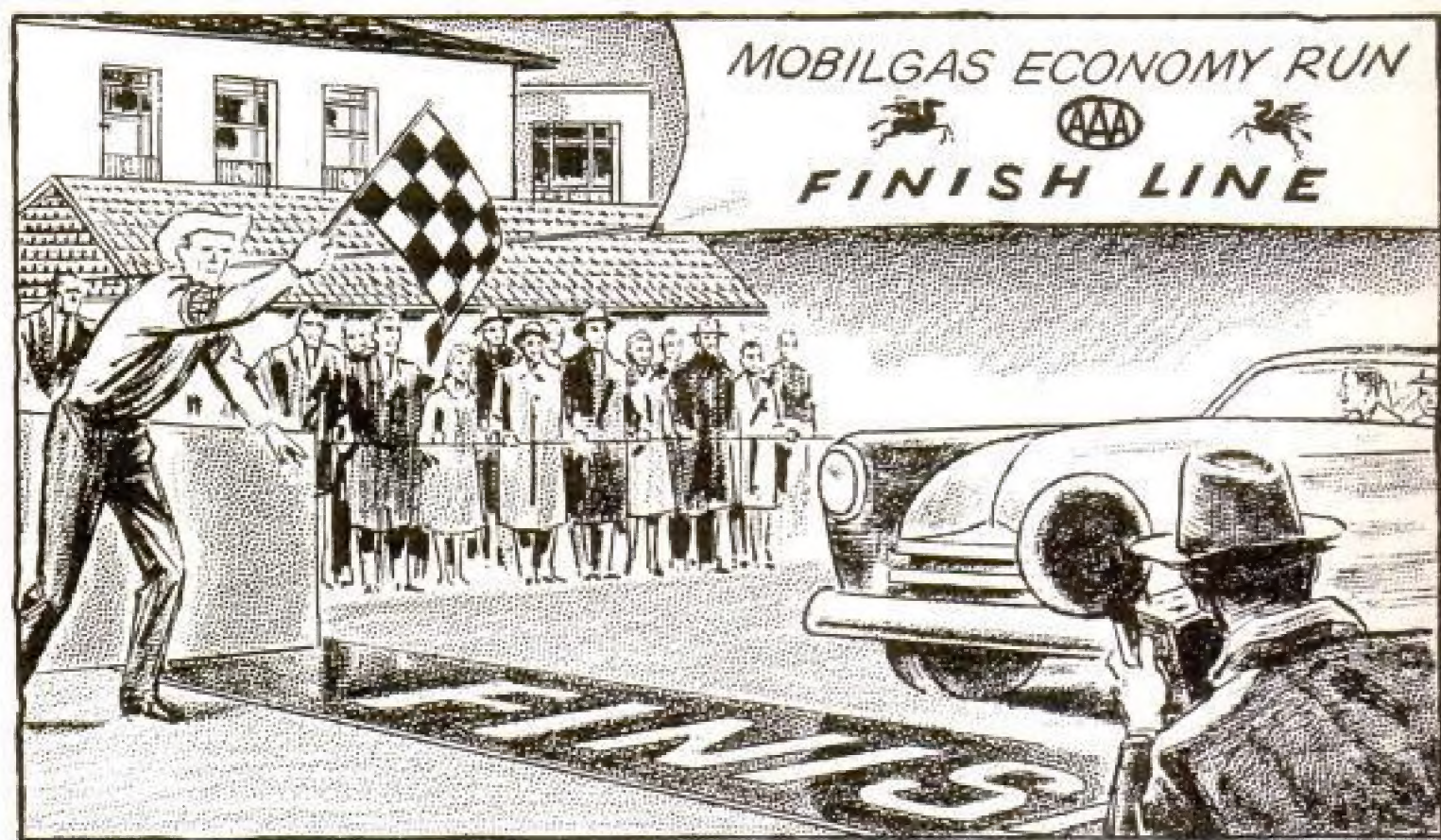
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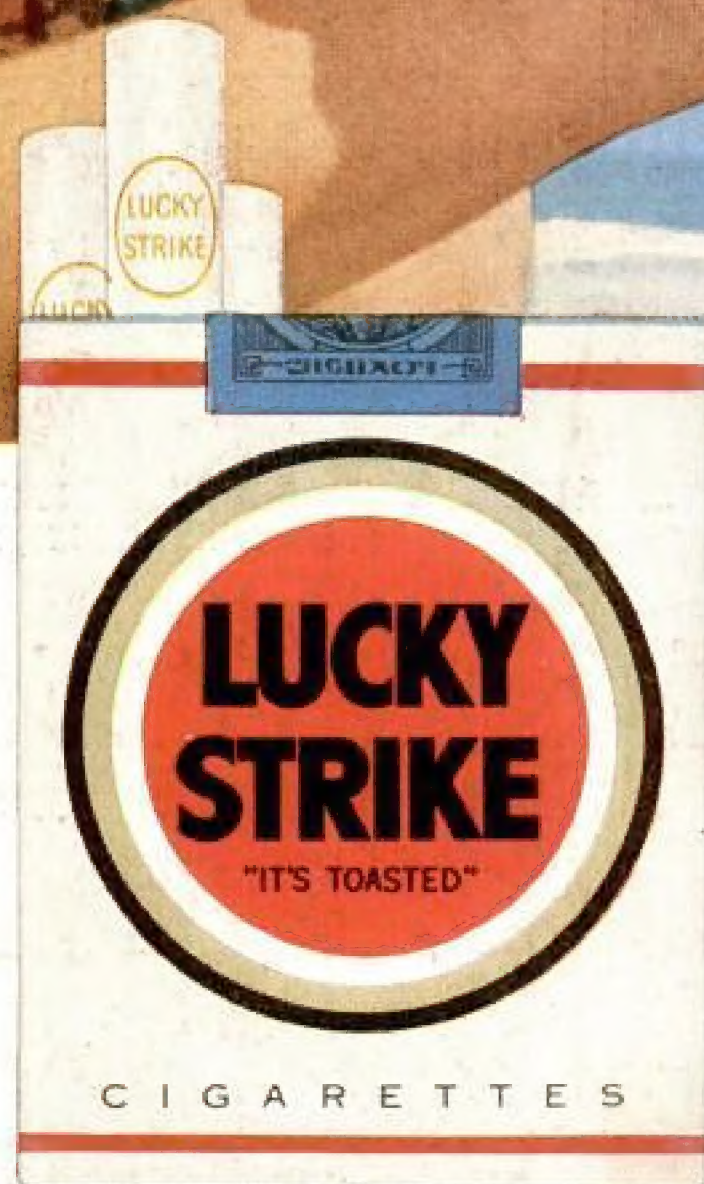
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